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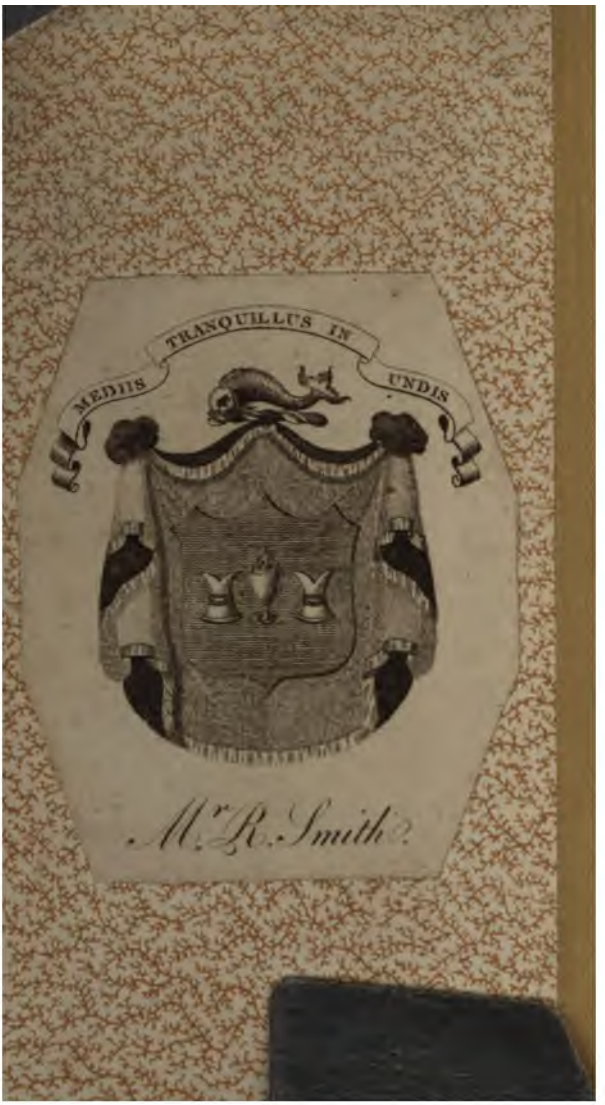
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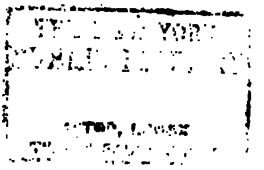

JOSEPH WARTON L.L.D.

London Published Sept.r 1806 by Longman & Rees. Paternoster Row.

THE

BRITISH ESSAYISTS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. XXIV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, J. NICHOLS, R. BALDWIN, F. AND C. RIVINGTON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, W. J. AND J. RICHARDSON, A. STRAHAN, J. SEWELL, R. FAULDER, G. AND W. NICOL, T. PAYNE, G. AND J. ROBINSON, W. LOWNDES, G. WILKIE, J. MATHEWS, P. M'QUEEN, OGILVY AND SON, J. SCATCHERD, J. WALKER, VERNOR AND HOOD, R. LEA, DARTON AND HARVEY, J. NUNN, LACKINGTON AND CO. D. WALKER, CLARKE AND SON, G. KEARSLEY, C. LAW, J. WHITE, LONGMAN AND REES, CADELL, JUN. AND DAVIES, J. BARKER, T. KAY, WYNNE AND CO. POTE AND CO. CARPENTER AND CO. W. MILLER, MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, S. BAGSTER, T. HURST, T. BOOSEY, R. PHENEY, W. BAYNES, J. HARDING, R. H. EVANS, J. MAWMAN, AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

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ADVENTURER.

N° 42——91.

——Tentanda via est; quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

VIRG.

On vent'rous wing in quest of praise I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

N° 42. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1753.

——— *Sua cuique* DEUS *fit dira Cupido.*

VIRG.

Our lusts are Gods, and what they will is fate.

I HAD the misfortune, some time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal speaker at a disputing society of the first class, was expected. Till this person came in, the conversation was carried on, with the cheerful easy negligence of sensible good-humour: but we soon discovered, that his discourse was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove self-evident propositions; a practice in which he seems to have followed the example of that deep philosopher, who denied motion, 'because,' as he said, 'a body must move either where it is, or where it is not; and both suppositions are equally absurd.'

His attempt, however, was totally unsuccessful; till *at last he affirmed*, that a man had no more

power over his own actions, than a clock; and th
the motions of the human machine were determi
ed by irresistible propensities, as a clock is ke
going by a weight. This proposition was answer
with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an a
surdity which it was impossible to believe; and,
expose him to the ridicule of the company, he w
desired to prove what he had advanced, as a
punishment of his design to engage others to pro
the contrary, which, though for a different reaso
was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangu
in which he retailed all the sophistry that he r
membered, and much more than he understood, h
had the mortification to find, that he had made n
proselyte, nor was yet become of sufficient cons
quence to provoke an antagonist.

I sat silent; and as I was indulging my specul
tion on the scene which chance had exhibited befo
me, I recollected several incidents which convince
me, that most of the persons who were present ha
lately professed the opinion which they now opposed
and acted upon that very principle which they d
rided as absurd, and appeared to detest as im
pious.

The company consisted of Mr. Traffic, a wealth
merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commissioner of a pub
lic office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whose conve
sation there is a higher strain of pleasantry an
and humour, than in any other person of my ac
quaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend
at whose house we were assembled to dine, an
who, during this interval, was engaged by some un
expected business in another room.

Those incidents which I then recollected, I wi
now relate: nor can any of the persons whom I hav
thus ventured to name, be justly offended; becaus
that which is declared not to be the effect o

choice, cannot be considered as the object of censure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithstanding the disparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extensive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himself by sudden and inevitable losses become poor: his credit, however, was still good; and by the risque of a certain sum, it was still possible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had spent many a social hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was absent, and always expressed our sentiments of his merit in the highest terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the secret of his distress; a secret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne; he knew my circumstances too well, to expect the sum that he wanted from my purse: but he requested that I would, to save him from the pain and confusion of such a conversation, communicate his request, and a true state of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: 'for,' says he 'though I could raise double the sum upon my own personal security; yet I would no more borrow of a man without acquainting him at what risque he lends, than I would solicit the insurance of a ship at a common premium, when I knew, by private intelligence, that she could swim no longer than every pump was at work.'

I undertook this business with the utmost confidence of success. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; 'he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious situation of

a trader, whom economy and diligence cannot secure from calamities, which are brought upon others only by profusion and riot: but as to the money, he said, that I could not expect him to venture it without security: that my friend himself could not wonder that his request was refused, a request with which, indeed, said he, I cannot possibly comply.' Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myself and my friend, which Mr. Traffic had made no scruple to deny in a very interesting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in speculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to spare one thousand pounds from two hundred times the sum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whose behalf he had been so often liberal of praise, with whom his social enjoyments had been so long connected, and for whose misfortunes he was sensibly touched.

Soon after this disappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more, to solicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendship; he was much affected with the distresses of my friend; he generously gave me a bank note, which he requested me to apply to his immediate relief in such a manner as would least wound his delicacy; and promised that the first vacancy he should be provided for: but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earliest intelligence, he told me with evident compunction and distress, 'that he could not possibly fulfil his promise, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domestics, whose solicitation for that reason it was not in his power to refuse.' This gentleman, there-

fore, had also professed himself a machine; and indeed he appears to have been no less the instrument of ambition, than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, besides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and strong compassion: but in direct opposition to all these great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindness, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expostulated with him about this strange perversion of his abilities, in these terms, 'Dear Charles, it amazes me that you should rather affect the character of a merry fellow, than a wise man; that you should mortify a friend, whom you not only love but esteem; wantonly mangle a character which you reverence, betray a secret, violate truth, and sport with the doctrines and the practice of a religion, which you believe, merely for the pleasure of being laughed at.' I remember too, that when he had heard me out, he shrugged up his shoulders, and, greatly extending the longitudinal dimensions of his countenance, 'All this,' said he, 'is very true; but if I was to be hanged I could not help it.' Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay professes himself a slave rather to vanity than to vice, and patiently submits to the most ridiculous drudgery without one struggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to speak with equal plainness; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an irresistible impulse, when she reflects that I have heard her lament that she is herself urged by an irresistible impulse to play. I remembered, that I had, at the request of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to represent the pernicious consequences of indulging so

preposterous an inclination. She perceived my design; and immediately accused herself, with an honest sensibility that burst into tears; but at the time told me, 'that she was no more able to refrain from cards than to fly:' and a few nights afterwards I observed her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who seldom sees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happiness of engaging a brilliant assembly at cards.

After I had recollected these incidents, I looked with less contempt upon our Necessitarian; and to confess a truth, with less esteem upon his present opponents. I took for granted, that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a consciousness, that he was himself the slave of some or all of these vices and follies; and that he was prompted by something like benevolence, to communicate to others a discovery, by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himself rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his highest interest; nor should he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once professed himself to be the mere instrument of necessity.

While I was making these reflections, the husband of Myrtilla came in; and to atone for any dishonour, which custom or prejudice may suppose to be reflected upon him by the unhappy fatality of his wife, I shall refer to him as an incontestible proof, that though there are some who have sold themselves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others who preserve the birthright of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may without reproach deny the doctrine of necessity, by which

they are degraded into an equality with brutes that perish. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reason illuminated by revelation, and conscience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under subjection to a master; but let it be remembered, that it is to him only, 'whose service is perfect freedom.'

N° 43. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1753.

Mobilitate viget———— VIRG.

Its life is motion.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, March, 12, 1753.

THE adulteration of the copper-coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerate branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers, who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits, as will find a currency no where else: and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A *Tyburn execution*, a duel, a most terrible fire, *or a horrid, barbarous*, bloody, cruel and inhuman

murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets: but since halfpence have been valued at no more than five-pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expences of printing and paper; and the servant-maid, who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing fifty new playhouse songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire garland or Gloucestershire tragedy, for a halfpenny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of 'I love Sue, or the Lovier's complaint.'

It is also observable, that the Park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of 'Tooth-picks! Take you six, your honour, for a halfpenny,' as it did when halfpence were halfpence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop; and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

But the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving seven-fold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring-gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with 'Good Christians, one *good* halfpenny to the stone blind!' and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by shewing a bad halfpenny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with

hunger, having tried it in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad halfpence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundery in Moorfields.

I was led to the consideration of this subject by some halfpence I had just received in change: among which one in particular attracted my regard, that seemed once to have borne the profile of King William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and besides other marks of ill usage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half-slumber; when to imagination the halfpenny which then laid before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips stamped on its surface articulately uttered the following narration:

'Sir! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction; and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations to a Jew-pedlar in Duke's place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We *were soon after* separately disposed of, at a more

moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandler-shops and gin-shops.

'I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

'A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

'I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me; but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length, I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

'From her it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-*soldier, had* not wrested me from her, at the ex-

f a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face,
ı regimentals. By him I was carried to the
St. James's Park; where—I am ashamed
)w I parted from him—Let it suffice that I
ı after safely deposited in a night-cellar.
n hence I got into the coat-pocket of a
ınd remained there with several of my bre-
r some days unnoticed. But one evening,
ıs reeling home from the tavern, he jerked
handful of us through a sash-window into
ıg-room of a tradesman, who he remember-
)een so unmannerly to him the day before,
sire payment of his bill. We reposed in
ɜ on a fine Turkey carpet till the next
, when the maid swept us up; and some of
alloted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff,
yself was immediately trucked away at the
the Sweetheart's Delight.

not my design to enumerate every little
that has befallen me, or to dwell upon
ıd indifferent circumstances, as is the prac-
ıose important egotists, who write narra-
:moirs, and travels. As useless to the com-
ıs my single self may appear to be, I have
instrument of much good and evil in the
rse of mankind: I have contributed no
m to the revenues of the crown, by my
each newspaper; and in the consumption
:o, spirituous liquors, and other taxable
ities. If I have encouraged debauchery,
rted extravagance; I have also rewarded
ırs of industry, and relieved the necessities
nce. The poor acknowledge me as their
friend; and the rich, though they affect to
:, and treat me with contempt, are often
by their follies to distresses which it is even
)wer to *relieve.*

present exact scrutiny into our constitu-

tion has, indeed, very much obstructed an
rassed my travels; though I could not bu
in my condition last Tuesday, as I was
having any share in maiming, bruising and
ing the innocent victims of vulgar barbari
happy in being confined to the mock-e
with feathers and stuffed leather; a childi
rightly calculated to initiate tender minc
of cruelty, and prepare them for the exerc
humanity on helpless animals!

'I shall conclude, Sir, with informing
what means I came to you in the condition
A choice spirit, a member of the Kill-C
broke a link-boy's pate with me last night
ward for lighting him across the kennel.
wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking
but I escaped his search, being lodge
against a post. This morning a parish g
me up, and carried me with raptures to
baker's shop to purchase a roll. The ma
was church warden, examined me with gr
tion, and then gruffly threatening her wi
well for putting off bad money, knocke
through my middle, and fastened me to
ter: but the moment the poor hungry
gone, he whipt me up again, and sending
with others in change to the next custo
me this opportunity of relating my adv
you.'

When I awaked, I found myself so mu
rated by my nap, that I immediately wr
the strange story which I had just heard;
is not totally destitute of use and enter
I have sent it to you, that by means of y
it may be communicated to the public.

A I am, Sir,

Your humble serva

TIM. TURN

N° 44. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1753.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam;
Commissumque tegas, et vino tortus, et irâ. HOR.

Strive not
Your patron's bosom to explore;
And let not wine or anger wrest
Th' intrusted secret from your breast. FRANCIS.

I OWE the following paper to an unknown correspondent, who sent it to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken the first opportunity to communicate it to the public: the subject is unquestionably of great importance; and as I think it is far from being exhausted, it may possibly produce another lucubration.

Amongst all the beauties and excellences of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the pro-

priety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

The table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and prophanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men; the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

Without inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear, that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which by connecting individuals formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

Few men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a *friend and an* acquaintance: the acquaintance is in

a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to repress the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own inquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission. Thus accoutred,

> ——— *Sub iisdem*
> *Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum*
> *Solvat Phaselon.*
>
> ——— They, who mysteries reveal,
> Beneath my roof shall never live,
> Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.
> FRANCIS.

There are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt. Political exigences may require a ready reception of such private advices; but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the *wisdom of it* but barely encourages the intelli

gencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind; and, indeed, I think it is impossible that it should: weakness discovers what malignity propagates; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report; who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship; and we believe our importance is increased, by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers: and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge: he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in *a variety of* sweets; till at last, one happy ear at-

ıcts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he :es; ‘ stealing and giving odours.’

In a little time it becomes a matter of great ıazement, that the whole town is as well ac-ainted with the story, as the two who were so sily engaged; and the consternation is greater, each reporter is confident, that he only com-ınicated it to one person. ‘ A report’ says Stra-, ‘ thus transmitted from one to one, is like a)p of water at the top of a house; it descends t from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to : gutter, and then is involved in the general eam.’ And if I may add to the comparison, the)p of water, after its progress through all the ınnels of the streets, is not more contaminated :h filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it ı passed through the mouths of a few modern e-bearers.

N° 45. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1753.

Nulla fides regni sociis, omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit. LUCAN.

No faith of partnership dominion owns;
Still discord hovers o’er divided thrones.

is well known, that many things appear plau-e in speculation, which can never be reduced)ractice; and that of the numberless projects t have flattered mankind with theoretical speci-ness, few have served any other purpose than to

show the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and absurd the scheme may now appear, since the properties of air have been better understood, seemed highly probable to many of the aspiring wits in the last century, who began to doat upon their glossy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure:

——————— *Pereant vestigia mille*
Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Hills, vales, and floods appear already crost;
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.

POPE.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are some, of which scarcely experience itself can destroy the influence; some which, by a captivating shew of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in disappointment, obtain new credit as the sense of miscarriage wears gradually away, persuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expose us by the same failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this delusive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated strength. The speculatist, when he has carefully observed how much may be performed by a single hand, calculates by a very easy operation the force of thousands, and goes on accumulating power till resistance vanishes before it; then rejoices in the success of his new scheme, and wonders at the folly or idleness of former ages, who have lived in want of what might so readily be procured, and suffered themselves to be debarred from happiness by obstacles which one united effort would have so easily surmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vanishes at once into air and emptiness, at the first attempt to put it into action. The different apprehensions, the discordant passions, the jarring interests of men, will scarcely permit that many should unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated design, some will never be brought to discern the end; and of the several means by which it may be accomplished, the choice will be a perpetual subject of debate, as every man is swayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long series of action, some will languish with fatigue, and some be drawn off by present gratifications; some will loiter because others labour, and some will cease to labour because others loiter; and if once they come within prospect of success and profit, some will be greedy and others envious; some will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; some will perform less than they undertake, lest their labours should chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The history of mankind informs us that a single power is very seldom broken by a confederacy. States of different interests, and aspects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common distress; and in the ardour of self-preservation fall unanimously upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their first attack can be withstood, time will never fail to dissolve their union: success and miscarriage will be equally destructive: after the conquest of a province they will quarrel in the division; after the loss of a battle, all will be endeavouring to secure themselves by abandoning the rest.

From the impossibility of confining numbers the *constant and uniform* prosecution of a common *interest, arises the* difficulty of securing sub-

against the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually stealing away from the many to the few, because the few are more vigilant and consistent; it still contracts to a smaller number, till in time it centres in a single person.

Thus all the forms of government instituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards monarchy; and power, however diffused through the whole community, is by negligence or corruption, commotion or distress, reposed at last in the chief magistrate.

'There never appear,' says Swift, 'more than five or six men of genius in an age; but if they were united, the world could not stand before them.' It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compass of intellectual survey they are more likely to chuse different objects of pursuit; as they see more ways to the same end, they will be less easily persuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent scheme of private greatness, he will reject with greater obstinacy the project of another; as each is more able to distinguish himself as the head of a party, he will less readily be made a follower or an associate.

The reigning philosophy informs us, that the vast bodies which constitute the universe, are regulated in their progress through the etherial spaces, by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are restrained from deserting their orbits, and losing themselves in the immensity of heaven; and held off by the other from rushing together, and clustering round their centre with everlasting cohesion.

The same contrariety of impulse may be perhaps discovered in the motions of men; we are formed *for society, not* for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a close connection with our fel-

low-beings, and in total separation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept back from contact by private interests.

Some philosophers have been foolish enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the system of the universe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians equally ignorant and equally presumptuous, may easily be led to suppose, that the happiness of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a slight and superficial observer, that many things impracticable in our present state, might be easily effected, if mankind were better disposed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will discover, that if confederacies were easily formed, they would lose their efficacy, since numbers would be opposed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and instead of the present petty competitions of individuals or single families, multitudes would be supplanting multitudes, and thousands plotting against thousands.

There is no class of the human species, of which the union seems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the rest of the world have almost always agreed, to shut scholars up together in colleges and cloisters; surely not without hope, that they would look for that happiness in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that such conjunctions of intellect would recompense the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any single mind.

But Discord, who found means to roll her apple into the banquetting chamber of the Goddesses, has had the address to scatter her laurels in the seminaries *of learning*. The friendship of students and *of beauties is for* the most part equally sincere, ar

equally durable; as both depend for happiness on the regard of others, on that of which the value arises merely from comparison, they are both exposed to perpetual jealousies, and both incessantly employed in schemes to intercept the praises of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the studious to studious companions, has been wholly without advantage to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendship, incites competition; and he that would contentedly rest in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to incessant endeavours after great attainments.

These stimulations of honest rivalry are, perhaps, the chief effects of academies and societies; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every single piece is always the production of an individual that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a resolution to write, because the rest are writing, and the scorn of obscurity while the rest are illustrious.

T

N° 46. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1753.

Μισω μνημονα Συμποτην. PROV. GR.

Far from my table be the tell-tale guest.

It has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is said even *of the devil*, that he is good-humoured when he

ısed. Every act, therefore, by which another ıred, from whatever motive, contracts more nd expresses greater malignity, if it is com- in those seasons which are set apart to plea- and good humour, and brightened with en- nts peculiar to rational and social beings.

raction is among those vices, which the most d virtue has sufficient force to prevent; be- by detraction, that is not gained which is away: 'he who filches from me my good ' says Shakspeare, 'enriches not himself, akes me poor indeed:' as nothing, therefore, les human nature more than detraction, no- nore disgraces conversation. The detractor, s the lowest moral character, reflects greater ıour upon his company, than the hangman; ɔ, whose disposition is a scandal to his spe- hall be more diligently avoided, than he who ıdalous only by his office.

for this practice, however vile, some have to apologize, by contending, that the report, ıich they injured an absent character, was this, however, amounts to no more, than ıey have not complicated malice with false- and that there is some difference between tion and slander. To relate all the ill that of the best man in the world, would probably him the object of suspicion and distrust; and ɔractice was universal, mutual confidence and ', the comforts of society, and the endear- of friendship, would be at an end.

re is something unspeakably more hateful in ıpecies of villainy by which the law is evaded, n those by which it is violated and defied. ge has sometimes preserved rapacity from ab- ıce, as beauty has been thought to apologize *ıstitution; but* the injustice of cowardice is

universally abhorred, and like the lewdness of deformity has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong are solicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not say that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lysander; but they say that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction, would have scrupled to produce it; and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should allege, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves, but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt and insensible to infamy.

Reverence thy self, is one one of the sublime precepts of that amiable philosopher, whose humanity alone was an incontestible proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he supposed, that by him who reverenced himself, those thoughts would be suppressed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded: this divine precept evidently presupposes a reverence of others, by which men are restrained from more gross immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of self would also cooperate as an auxiliary motive.

The great duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the most accomplished gentleman of his age, *would never* suffer any approaches to obscenity in

s presence; and it was said by the late lord Cob-.m, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in e speaker, but resented it as an indignity to him-lf: and it is evident, that to speak evil of the ab-nt, to utter lewdness, blasphemy, or treason, must grade not only him who speaks, but those who ar; for surely that dignity of character which a an ought always to sustain, is in danger, when he made the confident of treachery, detraction, im-ety, or lust: for he, who in conversation displays s own vices, imputes them; as he who boasts to iother of a robbery, presupposes that he is a ief.

It should be a general rule, never to utter any ing in conversation which would justly dishonour , if it should be reported to the world: if this rule uld be always kept, we should be secure in our vn innocence against the craft of knaves and pa-sites, the stratagems of cunning, and the vigi-nce of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature and all the la-our of virtue, many imperfections will be still dis-rned in human beings, even by those who do not e with all the perspicacity of human wisdom: and is guilty of the most aggravated detraction, who ports the weakness of a good mind discovered in unguarded hour; something which is rather the fect of negligence, than design; rather a folly than fault; a sally of vanity, rather than an eruption malevolence. It has, therefore, been a maxim, violably sacred among good men, never to disclose e secrets of private conversation; a maxim, which ough it seems to arise from the breach of some her does yet imply that general rectitude, which produced by a consciousness of virtuous dignity, id a regard to that reverence which is due to our-lves and *others: for to* conceal any immoral pur-

pose, which to disclose is to disappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be safe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to society, can be a law only among those who are enemies to both.

Among such, indeed, it is a law which there is some degree of obligation to fulfil; and the secrets even of their conversation are, perhaps, seldom disclosed, without an aggravation of their guilt: it is the interest of society, that the veil of taciturnity should be drawn over the mysteries of drunkenness and lewdness; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in these orgies among the rites of Bacchus, seems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the prophane.

If he who has associated with robbers, who has reposed and accepted a trust, and whose guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, should betray his associates for hire; if he is urged to secure himself, by the anxiety of suspicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to punish others by the importunity of resentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other species of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonstrated, that he is so destitute of virtue, as not to possess even those vices which resemble it; and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human society, but that, as poison is an antidote to poison, his crimes are a security against the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if such an offender is stung with remorse, if he feels the force of higher obligations than those of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a desire to atone for the injury which he has done to society, he gives in his information,

nd delivers up his associates, with whatever reluc-
ance, to the laws; by this sacrifice he ratifies his
epentance, he becomes again the friend of his
ountry, and deserves not only protection but
steem: for the same action may be either virtu-
us or vicious, and may deserve either honour or
nfamy, as it may be performed upon different prin-
iples; and indeed no action can be morally class-
d or estimated, without some knowledge of the
notive by which it is produced.

But as there is seldom any other clue to the mo-
ives of particular actions, than the general tenor
f his life by whom they are performed: and as the
ives of those who serve their country by bringing
ts enemies to punishment, are commonly flagiti-
us to the highest degree; the ideas of this service
nd the most sordid villany are so connected, that
hey always recur together: if only this part of a
haracter is known, we immediately infer that the
hole is infamous; and it is, therefore, no wonder,
hat the name by which it is expressed, especially
hen it is used to denominate a profession, should
e odious; or that a good man should not always
ave sufficient fortitude, to strike away the mask
f dissimulation, and direct the sword of justice.

But whatever may be thought of those, who
ischarge their obligations to the public by trea-
hery to their companions; it cannot be pretended,
nat he, to whom an immoral design is communi-
ated by inadvertence or mistake, is under any pri-
ate obligation to conceal it: the charge which de-
olves upon him, he must instantly renounce: for
hile he hesitates, his virtue is suspended: and he
ho communicates such design to another not by
nadvertence or mistake, but upon presumption of
oncurrence, commits an outrage upon his honour
nd *defies his resentment*.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to prophane the rites of conversation, much less of friendship, by supposing there is any law, which ought to restrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

N° 47. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1753.

———*Multi*
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema. JUV.

———Ev'ry age relates,
That equal crimes unequal fates have found;
And whilst one villain swings, another's crown'd.
CREECH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to stile himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should, even at the risk of life, gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonish-

ing; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgment, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a God, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village clock strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise and discharged a pistol at the servant, who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise: but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces: the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity *of a hero* who is familiar with danger,

proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and t survivor having recovered from the blow, and bei imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obli ed to comply. When the victor had thus obtain the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determin to lose no part of the glory, which, as conquero was now in his power: turning, therefore, to t unhappy gentleman, whom he had plundered, condescended to insult him with the applause conscious superiority; he told him, that he h never robbed any persons who behaved better; a as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and as token of his esteem for the living, he generous threw him back a shilling to prevent his being sto ped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towar London: but at the turnpike, a coach that w paying the toll obstructed his way; and by the lig of the flambeau that was behind it, he discover that his coat was much stained with blood; this di covery threw him into such confusion, that he a tempted to rush by; he was, however, prevente and his appearance giving great reason to suspe his motive, he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little b about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarm ed, when they heard that a person was taken w was supposed to have just committed a robbery a a murder: they asked many questions with gre eagerness; but their inquiries were little regarde till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distre offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladi acquainted him, that her husband Sir Harry Fre man was upon the road in his return from Grave end, where he had been to receive an only son up his arrival from India, after an absence of near s *years; that* herself and her daughter-in-law, we

out to meet them, but were terrified with the
hension that they might have been stopped
e man who had just been taken into custody.
attention was now suddenly called to the
side of the coach by the child, who cried out
transport of joy, 'There is my grand-papa.'
was indeed the survivor of the three who had
attacked by Bagshot: he was mounted on his
nt's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the
e, in which he had just placed the body of his
whose countenance was disfigured with blood,
whose features were still impressed with the
ies of death. Who can express the grief, horror,
despair with which a father exhibited this
acle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son
a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour
njugal and parental affection! who had long
tted his absence, who had anticipated the joy
is return, and were impatient to put into
rms a pledge of his love which he had never

will not attempt to describe that distress, which
would not have suffered me to behold: let it
e, that such was its effect upon those who
present, that the murderer was not, with-
difficulty, conducted alive to the prison; and
confident, that few who read this story
ld have heard with regret that he was torn
ieces by the way.

ut before they congratulate themselves upon a
e, which always distinguishes right and wrong
pontaneous approbation and censures: let them
me, with what sentiments they read of a youth-
nonarch, who at the head of an army in which
y man became a hero by his example, passed
mountains and deserts, in search of new terri-
s *to invade*, and new potentates to conquer;

who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won?

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the Hero and the Thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both sought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite, whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible: and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness, yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men; *and I have* related the murder and its conse-

ences, with such particulars as usually rouse at sensibility, which often lies torpid during nartives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, stroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that ch individual of this number had some tender :achments which were broken by his death; some rent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the rting embrace, and who longed with fond solicide for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom ; labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; ll see, that Alexander was more the pest of so-ety than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in e proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to inquire to the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet rtue has never been thought incompatible with at of Alexander. Alexander, we are told gave oof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt of nger; but as Bagshot's danger was equally vontary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt it that his mind was equally great. Alexander, deed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but ter the conquest of a kingdom, what remained for lexander to give? To a prince, whose country had invaded with unprovoked hostility, and om whom he had violently wrested the blessings peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and phans of those he had slain, the tinsel of demdent greatness, and the badge of royal subjecon. And does not Bagshot deserve equal hoour, for throwing back a shilling to the man, hose person he had insulted, and whose son he ad stabbed to the heart? Alexander did not ravish massacre the women whom he found in the tent Darius: neither did honest Bagshot kill the genman whom he had plundered, when he was no *nger able to resist.*

If Bagshot, then, is justly dragged to prison, amidst the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risk of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wishes, will labour to as little purpose, as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train, by the sight of an historical chart in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to *the hereditary* potentates whom he dispossessed,

in took place upon his death: and indeed, the estion, whose name shall be connected with a ticular country as its king, is, to those who ard life in the decision, as trifling, as whether a all spot in a chart shall be stained with red or low. That man should be permitted to decide h questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection ler which he only can rejoice, who believes that d only reigns; and can appropriate the promise, t all things shall work together for good.

N° 48. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1753.

Ibat triumphans Virgo ——
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces
Tulisse Christo, *redderet ut reo*
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit halitum
Vitæ innovatum, visibus integris. PRUDENT.

As rescu'd from intended wrong,
The modest virgin pac'd along,
By blasting heav'n depriv'd of day
Beneath her feet th' accuser lay:
She mark'd, and soon the pray'r arose
To Him who bade us love our foes;
By faith inforc'd the pious call
Again relum'd the sightless ball.

o love an enemy, is the distinguishing charac- istic of a religion, which is not of man but of od. It could be delivered as a precept only by im, who lived and died to establish it by his ex- ample.

At the close of that season, in which huma frailty has commemorated sufferings which it cou not sustain, a season in which the most zealous d votion can only substitute a change of food for total abstinence of forty days; it cannot, surel be incongruous to consider, what approaches v can make to that divine love which these sufferin expressed, and how far man, in imitation of his S viour, can bless those who curse him, and retu good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but a distance; nor consider it without being stru with a sense of our own debility: every man wh compares his life with this divine rule, instead exulting in his own excellence, will smite his brea like the publican, and cry out, 'God be mercif to me a sinner!' Thus to acquaint us with ou selves, may, perhaps be one use of the precept; b the precept cannot, surely, be considered as havi no other.

I know it will be said, that our passions are n in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, love or to hate, is impossible; for if the gratific tion of all our wishes was offered us to love stranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil th condition, however we might desire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we ca not love an enemy as we love a friend; it is y equally certain, that we may perform those actio which are produced by love, from a higher pri ciple: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellen from natural defects, and exert our reason inste of indulging a passion. If our enemy hungers w may feed him, and if he thirsts we may give hi drink: this, if we could love him, would be ou conduct; and this may still be our conduct, thoug *to love him* is impossible. The Christian will

rompted to relieve the necessities of his enemy, y his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportuity to express the zeal of his gratitude and the lacrity of his obedience, at the same time that he ppropriates the promises and anticipates his reard.

But though he who is beneficent upon these rinciples, may in the scripture sense be said to ove his enemy; yet something more may still be ffected: the passion itself in some degree is in our ower; we may rise to a yet nearer emulation of ivine forgiveness, we may think as well as act ith kindness, and be sanctified as well in heart as n life.

Though love and hatred are necessarily produced n the human breast, when the proper objects of hese passions occur, as the colour of material ubstances is necessarily perceived by an eye beore which they are exhibited; yet it is in our ower to change the passion, and to cause either ove or hatred to be excited, by placing the same bject in different circumstances; as a changeable ilk of blue and yellow may be held so as to excite he idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or resented ith greater acrimony, than the marriage of a hild, especially of a daughter, without the conent of a parent: it is frequently considered as a reach of the strongest and tenderest obligations; s folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. y the imputation of these vices, a child becomes he object of indignation and resentment: indignaion and resentment in the breast, therefore, of the arent, are necessarily excited: and there can be no loubt, but that these are species of hatred. But f the child is considered as still retaining the enlearing softness of filial affection, as still longing

for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of passions which none have always resisted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the same object that before excited indignation and resentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a species of love.

Those, indeed, who resent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonstrate that they are without natural affection: and that they would have prostituted their offspring, if not to lust, yet to affections which are equally vile and sordid, the thirst of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be sincerely interested in the felicity of his child, who when some of the means of happiness are lost by indiscretion, suffers his resentment to take away the rest.

Among friends, sallies of quick resentment are extremely frequent. Friendship is a constant reciprocation of benefits, to which the sacrifice of private interest is sometimes necessary: it is common for each to set too much value upon those which he bestows, and too little upon those which he receives; this mutual mistake in so important an estimation, produces mutual charges of unkindness and ingratitude; each, perhaps, professes himself ready to forgive, but neither will condescend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, still increases the enmity which it began; the friend is considered as selfish, assuming, injurious, and revengeful; he consequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus considered, to love him is impossible. But thus to consider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at

least in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a mistake; and that this mistake is the effect of weakness or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then assume a very different aspect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin: if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of Him whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And

how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity? Surely if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he whom God has forgiven must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Christian, to treat others with coldness, neglect, and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindness, and the menaces of oppression, should be far from those who profess themselves to be followers of Him who in his life went about doing good; who instantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his last agony, and treated with mockery and derision, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.

N° 49. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1753.

———*Flumina libant*
Summa leves——— VIRG.

———They lightly skim,
And gently sip the dimply river's brim.

e character of the scholars of the present age not be much injured or misrepresented by say- that they seem to be superficially acquainted a multitude of subjects, but to go to the bot- of very few. This appears in criticism and te learning, as well as in the abstruser sciences: he diffusion of knowledge its depth is abated. utyches harangues with wonderful plausibility the distinct merits of all the Greek and Roman sics, without having thoroughly and attentively used, or entered into the spirit and scope of one hem. But Eutyches has diligently digested the ertations of Rapin, Bohours, Felton, Black- l, and Rollin; treatises that administer great solation to the indolent and incurious, to those can tamely rest satisfied with second-hand wledge, as they give concise accounts of all the at heroes of ancient literature, and enable them speak of their several characters, without the ious drudgery of perusing the originals. But characters of writers, as of men, are of a very ted and complicated nature, and are not to be nprehended in so small a compass: such objects

do not admit of being drawn in miniature, accuracy and distinctness.

To the present prevailing passion for Fr moralists and French critics, may be imputed superficial shew of learning and abilities of w I am complaining. And since these alluring thors are become not only so fashionable an am ment of those who call themselves the p world, but also engross the attention of ac mical students, I am tempted to inquire into merits of the most celebrated among them of kinds.

That Montagne abounds in native wit, in q penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the hu heart, and the various vanities and vices that in it, cannot justly be denied. But a man undertakes to transmit his thoughts on life manners to posterity, with the hopes of enter ing and amending future ages, must be either ceedingly vain or exceedingly careless, if he pects either of these effects can be produced wanton sallies of the imagination, by useless impertinent digressions, by never forming or lowing any regular plan, never classing or fining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting sentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appea have been the conduct of our celebrated essa and it has produced many aukward imitators, under the notion of writing with the fire and dom of this lively old Gascon, have fallen into fused rhapsodies and uninteresting egotisms.

But these blemishes of Montagne are tri and unimportant, compared with his vanity, indecency, and scepticism. That man must tally have suppressed the natural love of ho reputation, which is so powerfully felt by the t wise and good, who can calmly sit down to gi

ıtalogue of his private vices, and publish his most ;cret infirmities, with the pretence of exhibiting faithful picture of himself, and of exactly pourayıng the minutest features of his mind. Surely ; deserves the censure Quintilian bestows on Deetrius, a celebrated Grecian statuary, that he was nimius in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchridinis amantior;' more studious of likeness than ' beauty.

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Roucheucault, another fashionable philosopher, are ritten with expressive elegance, and with nerous brevity; yet I must be pardoned for affirmg, that he who labours to lessen the dignity of ıman nature, destroys many efficacious motives r practising worthy actions, and deserves ill of his llow-creatures, whom he paints in dark and disreeable colours. As the opinions of men usually ntract a tincture from the circumstances and nditions of their lives, it is easy to discern the ıagrined courtier, in the satire which this polite isanthrope has composed on his own species. ccording to his gloomy and uncomfortable system, rtue is merely the result of temper and constituon, of chance, or of vanity, of fashion, or the fear ' losing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; ıd every high and generous principle is repreınted as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; ason, which by some is too much aggrandized ıd almost deified, is here degraded into an abject ave of appetite and passion, and deprived even ' her just and indisputable authority. As a Chrisın, and as a man, I despise, I detest such debasing inciples.

Rochefoucault, to give a smartness and shortness his sentences, frequently makes use of the antiesis, a *mode of* speaking the most tiresome and

disgusting of any, by the sameness and similarity of the periods. And sometimes, in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and justness of the sentiment, and grossly contradicts himself. 'Happiness,' says he, consists in the taste, and not in the things: and it is by enjoying what a man loves, that he becomes happy; not by having what others think desirable.' The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power of imagination with regard to felicity: but, adds the reflector in a following maxim, 'We are never so happy or so miserable, as we imagine ourselves to be;' which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of such contradictions many instances might be alleged in this admired writer, which evidently shew that he had not digested his thoughts with philosophical exactness and precision.

But the characters of La Bruyere deserve to be spoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with spirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and resemblance, as sometimes is the case in pretended pictures of life. In a few instances only he has failed, by overcharging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot exist together in one subject; as in the character of Menalcas the absent man, which, though applauded by one of my predecessors, is surely absurd, and false to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a steady promoter of her interest: he was neither ashamed of Christianity, nor afraid to defend it: accordingly, few have exposed the folly and absurdity of modish infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with so much solidity and pleasantry united: he disdained to sacrifice truth to levity and licentiousness. Many of his characters are per-

sonal, and contain allusions which cannot now be understood. It is, indeed, the fate of personal satire to perish with the generation in which it is written: many artful strokes in Theophrastus himself, perhaps, appear coarse or insipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of relishing several beauties in the Alchymist of Johnson, and in the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verbose trifler, without novelty or solidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who proposed the dissolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living?

As the corruption of our taste is not of equal consequence with the depravation of our virtue, I shall not spend so much time on the critics, as I have done on the moralists of France.

How admirably Rapin, the most popular among them, was qualified to sit in judgment upon Homer and Thucydides, Demosthenes and Plato, may be gathered from an anecdote preserved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Fevre of Saumur furnished this assuming critic with the Greek passages he had occasion to cite, Rapin himself being totally ignorant of that language. The censures and the commendations this writer bestows, are general and indiscriminate; without specifying the reasons of his approbation or dislike, and without alleging the passages that may support his opinion: whereas just criticism demands, not only that every beauty or blemish be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but also that the reason and foundation of excellencies and faults be accurately ascertained.

Bossu is usually and justly placed at the head of the commentators on Aristotle's poetics, which

certainly be understood and explained in a more masterly manner than either Beni or Castelvetro: but in one or two instances he has indulged a love of subtilty and groundless refinement. That I may not be accused of affecting a kind of hatred against all the French critics, I would observe, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent perusal of the true scholar. What I principally admire in Bossu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactness of his method; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has displayed the excellencies of the Greek Tragedy in a judicious and comprehensive manner. His translations are faithful and elegant; and the analysis of those plays, which on account of some circumstances in ancient manners would shock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire version, is perspicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the justice to confess, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what instances Corneille and Racine have falsified and modernized the characters, and overloaded with unnecessary intrigues the simple plots of the Ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himself in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Aristotle or Sophocles, from Bossu or Brumoy, how excellent soever these two commentators may be. To contemplate these exalted geniuses through such mediums, is like beholding the orb of the sun, during an eclipse, in a vessel of water. But let him eagerly press forward to the great originals: 'juvet integros accedere fontes;' 'his be the joy t' approach th' untasted springs.' Let him remember, that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the best masters to teach, in Milton's emphatical style, 'What the laws are of a

true epic poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric; what decorum is; which is the grand master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive, what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-wrights be; and shew them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things.

Z

N° 50. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1753.

Quicunque turpi fraude semel innotuit,
Etiamsi verum dicit, amittit fidem. PHÆD.

The wretch that often has deceiv'd,
Though truth he speaks, is ne'er believ'd.

When Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, 'Not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.'

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriment or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his

prowess, and tell with rapture of the multit whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to grave: even the robber and the cut-throat their followers, who admire their address an trepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and versally despised, abandoned and disowned: he no domestic consolations, which he can oppo the censure of mankind; he can retire to no ternity, where his crimes may stand in the pla virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the m tude, without friend and without apologist. the peculiar condition of falsehood, to be equ detested by the good and bad: 'The devils,' Sir Thomas Brown, 'do not tell lies to one other; for truth is necessary to all societies: can the society of hell subsist without it.'

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus g rally detested should be generally avoided; at that none should expose himself to unabated unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptat and that to guilt so easily detected, and so verely punished, an adequate temptation would readily be found.

Yet so it is, that in defiance of censure and tempt, truth is frequently violated; and sca the most vigilant and unremitted circumspe will secure him that mixes with mankind, being hourly deceived by men of whom it scarcely be imagined, that they mean any i to him or profit to themselves; even where subject of conversation could not have been pected to put the passions in motion, or to excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malig sufficient to induce any man to put his reput in hazard, however little he might value it, c

overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and perhaps, not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the Lie of Vanity.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods, which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, most of those that are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleases herself with such light gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, 'that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen.' Such an accidental advantage, since it

neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

Others there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some lucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronised the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be con-

demned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution: but the prosperity of the liar is of short duration; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable: and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the play-house or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect

can be expected, than perturbations w
writer can never see, and conjectures of
can never be informed: some mischief, how
hopes he has done; and to have done mis
of some importance. He sets his invention
again, and produces a narrative of a robb
murder, with all the circumstances of ti
place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of
effect and longer duration: if he fixes his s
a proper distance, he may for several days
wife in terror for her husband, or a mother
son; and please himself with reflecting, that
abilities and address some addition is made
miseries of life.

There is, I think, an ancient law in Scotla
which Lessing-making was capitally punish
[illegible], far from desiring to increase i
[illegible] the number of executions: yet I c
[illegible] they who destroy the confide
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[illegible]

N° 51. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1753.

Si quid ex Pindari, Flaccive dictis fuerit interjectum splendet ora- & sordescit, si quid e sacris Psalmis aptè fuerit attextum? An ivi Spiritûs cælestis afflatû proditi sordent nobis præ scriptis Homeri, ripidis, aut Ennii. ERASMUS.

Is a discourse beautified by a quotation from Pindar and Horace? l shall we think it blemished by a passage from the sacred Psalms ly interwoven? Do we despise the books which were dictated by Spirit of GOD, in comparison of Homer, Euripides, and Ennius?

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

the library of the Benedictine Monks at Lyons, s lately been discovered a most curious manu- ript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you ll eagerly embrace every opportunity of contri- ting to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and ve for the Sacred Writings, I send you the fol- wing extract translated from this extraordinary ork.

My dear Terentianus,

ou may remember that in my treatise on the Sub- ne, I quoted a striking example of it from Moses e Jewish lawgiver; 'Let there be light, and there as light.' I have since met with a large volume anslated into Greek by the order of Ptolemy con-

taining all the religious opinions, the civil laws and customs of that singular and unaccountable people. And to confess the truth, I am greatly astonished at the incomparable elevation of its stile, and the supreme grandeur of its images; many of which excel the utmost efforts of the most exalted genius of Greece.

At the appearance of GOD, the mountains and the forests do not only tremble as in Homer, but 'are melted down like wax at his presence.' He rides not on a swift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but 'comes flying upon the wings of the wind: while the floods clap their hands, and the hills and forests, and earth and heaven, all exult together before their Lord.' And how dost thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the universal presence of the infinite Mind can be expressed, adequately to the dignity of the subject, but in the following manner?——'Whither shall I go from thy presence? If I climb up into heaven, thou art there! If I go down to hell, lo, thou art there also! If I take wings and fly toward the morning, or remain in the uttermost parts of the western ocean; even there also'——the poet does not say 'I shall find thee,' but, far more forcibly and emphatically ——'thy right hand shall hold me.' With what majesty and magnificence is the CREATOR of the world, before whom the whole universe is represented as nothing, nay, less than nothing, and vanity, introduced making the following sublime inquiry! 'Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?' Produce me, Terentianus, any image or description in Plato himself, so truly elevated and divine! Where did these barbarians learn

pressed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, lest her infant, who is creeping to her side, should lick the blood that flows from her breast, and mistake it for her milk.

In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer represents the horrors of a conquered city, by saying, that her heroes should be slain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons ravished, and her whole race enslaved. But one of these Jewish poets, by a single circumstance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter desolation of Babylon: 'I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a single person than the golden wedge of Ophir.'

What seems to be particularly excellent in these writers, is their selection of such adjuncts and circumstances upon each subject, as are best calculated to strike the imagination and embellish their descriptions. Thus, they think it not enough to say, 'that Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, shall never more be inhabited;' but they add a picturesque stroke, 'neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; the wild beasts of the island shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces.'

You have heard me frequently observe, how much visions, or images, by which a writer seems to behold objects that are absent, or even non-existent, contribute to the true sublime. For this reason I have ever admired Minerva's speech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where she tells her favourite Dionede, 'that she will purge his eyes from the mists of mortality, and give him power clearly to discern the gods that were at that time assisting the Trojans, that he might not be guilty of the impiety of wounding any of the celestial beings, Venus excepted.' Observe the superior strength and liveliness of the following image: 'JEHOVAH,' the tutelar God of the

Jews, 'opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire round about him!'

Do we start, and tremble, and turn pale, when Orestes exclaims that the furies are rushing forward to seize him? and shall we be less affected with the writer, who breaks out into the following question? 'Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra; this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?'—It is the avenging God of the oppressed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whose answer follows, 'I that am mighty to save.' 'Wherefore,' resumes the poet, 'art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?' 'I have trodden the wine-press alone,' answers the God; 'and of the people there were none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger and trample them in my fury, and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.' Another writer, full of the idea of that destruction with which his country was threatened, cries out, 'How long shall I see the standard, and hear the sound of the trumpet!' And to represent total desolation, he imagines he sees the universe reduced to its primitive chaos: 'I beheld the earth, and lo! it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light.'

Above all, I am marvellously struck with the beauty and boldness of the Prosopopæias, and the rich variety of comparisons, with which every page of these extraordinary writings abound. When I shall have pointed out a few of these to your view, I shall think your curiosity will be sufficiently excited to peruse the book itself from which they are drawn. And do not suffer yourself to be preju-

diced against it, by the reproaches, raillery, and satire, which I know my friend and disciple Porphyry is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell.

Z

N° 52. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1753.

———*Ha nugæ seria ducent*
In mala derisum. HOR.

———Trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead. FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally exposed, yet some species of intellectual distress are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of disease and poverty, pain and sorrow, are frequently derived from others; but shame and confusion are supposed to proceed from ourselves, and to be incurred only by the misconduct which they punish. This supposition is indeed specious; but I am convinced by the strongest evidence that it is not true: I can oppose experience to theory; and as it will appear that I suffer considerable loss by my testimony, it must be allowed to have the most distinguishing characteristic of sincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion
virtuous, was once my favourite principl
vanced and defended it in all companies;
the last effort of my genius in its behalf, I c
a series of events by which it was illustrat
established: and that I might substitute ac
narrative, and decorate sentiment with th
ties of poetry, I regulated my story by the
the drama, and with great application and
wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finished, I sat down, like H
after his labours, exulting in the past, and e
the future by anticipation. I read it to ever
who favoured me with a visit, and when
abroad I always put it into my pocket.
became known to a circle that was always i
ing; and was at length mentioned with suc
mendation to a very great lady, that she wa
ed to favour me with a message, by which I
vited to breakfast at nine the next morni
acquainted that a select company would th
pect the pleasure of hearing me read my pla

The delight that I received from the cont
tion of my performance, the encomium
friends, and especially this message, was in
nion an experimental proof of my principles
reward of my merit. I reflected with gre
complacence, upon the general complai
genius was without patronage; and conclud
all who had been neglected were unworthy
tice. I believed that my own elevation
only certain but near; and that the represe
of my play would be secured by a messag
manager, which would render the mortifyin
gery of solicitation and attendance unneces

Elated with these expectations, I rose
the morning, and being dressed long befor

time to set out, I amused myself by repeating the favourite passages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite answers to the compliments that should be made me, and adjusting the ceremony of my visit.

I observed the time appointed with such punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was striking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwise engaged, it happened that the servant whose place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his stead, and upon hearing my name, advanced directly before me into the room; so that no discovery was made of an enormous queüe of brown paper, which some mischievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major periwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment, where, after I got within a very large Indian screen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little disconcerted in my first address, by the respect that was shewn me, and the curiosity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeisance, and addressing myself in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I considered as my patroness, I expressed my sense of the honour she had done me, in a short speech which I had preconceived for the purpose; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whose favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this mistake increased my confusion; for as I could not again repeat the same words, I reflected, that I should be at last unprepared for the occasion on which they were to have been used. The company all this while continued standing: I therefore hastily turned about, to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was seated, I perceived every one labouring to stifle a laugh. I instantly suspected that I had committed some ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apo-

logize for I knew not what offence; but afte hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me a less. The gentleman, however, kindly disc the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and same time taking from behind me the pendul proach to the honours of my head. This dis afforded me inexpressible relief; my paper lie was thrown into the fire, and I joined laugh which it produced: but I was still rassed by the consequences of my mistake, a pected the lady, by whom I had been invite solicitude and apprehension.

When she came in, the deference with whi was treated by persons who were so much periors, struck me with awe; my powers of lection were suspended, and I resolved to e my sentiments only by the lowness of my be the distance of my behaviour: I therefore retreated backward; and at the same time with the most profound reverence, unhappily turned the screen, which in its fall threw do breakfast table, broke all the china, and c the lap dog. In the midst of this ruin I sto pid in silence and amazement, stunned wi shrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the do the clattering of the china: and while I cons myself as the author of such complicated mi I believe I felt as keen anguish as he, who halter about his neck looks up, while the oth of it is fastening to the gibbet.

The screen, however, was soon replaced, a broken china removed; and though the do the principal object of attention, yet the lady times adverted to me: she politely desired would consider the accident as of no conseq the china, she said, was a trifle, and she

Pompey was more frightened than hurt. I made some apology but with great confusion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again seated, and breakfast was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the discourse turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the consequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and solicitude, and found to be a razure of the skin the whole length of one of his fore-legs. After some topical application, his cushion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteously.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had just made an attempt to introduce a new subject of conversation, when, casting my eye downward, I was again thrown into extreme confusion, by seeing something hang from the forepart of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my shirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I sat, and which, during the confusion produced by the fall of the screen, had been left in the chair.

My embarrassment was soon discovered, though the cause was mistaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to display my abilities without the restraint of ceremony, requested that I would now give her the pleasure which she had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce, and having found an opportunity hastily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuscript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at first languid, tremulous, and irresolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my situation to my subject; I pronounced with greater emphasis and propriety, and I began to watch for

logize for I knew not what offence; but after som
hesitation, my extreme sensibility struck me speech
less. The gentleman, however, kindly discovere
the cause of their merriment, by exclaiming again
the rude licentiousness of the vulgar, and at th
same time taking from behind me the pendulous r
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the principal object of attention, yet the lady som
times adverted to me: she politely desired that
would consider the accident as of no consequenc
the china, she said, was a trifle, and she hop

f Buckism, who came with a design to wait upon ıe ladies to an auction.

I rose up with the rest of the company when ıey came in; but what was my astonishment, to erceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately se-ured by one corner, hang down from my waist to he ground! From this dilemma, however, I was elivered by the noble Buck, who stood nearest to ıe; who swearing an oath of astonishment, witched the napkin from me, and throwing it to he servant, told him that he had redeemed it from he rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a ılace where he would never have looked for it. 'he young ladies were scarce less confounded at his accident than I; and the noble matron herself ras somewhat disconcerted: she saw my extreme onfusion; and thought fit to apologize for her ousin's behaviour, 'He is a wild boy, Sir,' says he, 'he plays these tricks with every body; but it ; his way, and no body minds it.' When we were ınce more seated, the Bucks, upon the peremptory efusal of the ladies to go out, declared they would tay and hear the last act of my tragedy; I was herefore requested to go on. But my spirits were uite exhausted by the violent agitation of my ınind; and I was intimidated by the presence of wo persons, who appeared to consider me and my erformance as objects only of merriment and port. I would gladly have renounced all that in he morning had been the object of my hope, to ecover the dignity which I had already lost in my wn estimation; and had scarce any wish but to eturn without further disgrace into the quiet shade f obscurity. The ladies, however, would take no enial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleased and surprised at the atten-ion *with which* my new auditors seemed to listen

as I went on: the dog was now silent; I incr
the pathos of my voice in proportion as I asc
the climax of distress, and flattered myself
poetry and truth would be still victorious: bu
at this crisis, the gentleman, who had disen
me from the napkin, desired me to stop half
ment: something, he said, had just started in
mind, which if he did not communicate he
forget: then turning to his companion, 'Jack
he, 'there was sold in Smithfield no longe
than last Saturday, the largest ox that ever
held in my life.' The ridicule of this mal
apostrophe was so striking, that pity and dec
gave way, and my patroness herself burst
laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a
different effect: for if I had been detected in a
successful attempt to pick a pocket, I coul
have felt more shame, confusion and anguish.
laughter into which the company had been su
ed, was, however, immediately suppressed,
severe censure passed upon the person who
duced it. To atone for the mortification wh
had suffered, the ladies expressed the utmos
patience to hear the conclusion, and I wa
couraged by repeated encomiums to proceed
though I once more attempted to recollect m
and again began the speech in which I had be
terrupted, yet my thoughts were still distracted
voice faltered, and I had scarce breath to finis
first period.

This was remarked by my tormenter the
who suddenly snatching the manuscript out o
hands, declared that I did not do my play ju
and that he would finish it himself. He the
gan to read; but the affected gravity of his co
nance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and th
membrance of his late anecdote of the ox, ex

ons that were incompatible both with pity
ror, and rendered me extremely wretched·
ding the company perpetually on the brink
ıter.

e action of my play, virtue had been sus-
by her own dignity, and exulted in the en-
: of intellectual and independent happiness;
ı series of external calamities that termi-
ı death; and vice, by the success of her own
, had been betrayed into shame, perplexity,
fusion. These events were indeed natural;
efore I poetically inferred, with all the con-
of demonstration, that ‘ the torments of
s, and the felicity of Elysium, were not ne-
to the justification of the Gods; since what-
quality might be pretended in the distribu-
externals, peace is still the prerogative of
ınd intellectual misery can be inflicted only

he intellectual misery which I suffered at
moment when this favourite sentiment was
oduced an irresistible conviction that it was
ecause, except the dread of that punish-
ıich I had indirectly denied, I felt all the
that could be inflicted by guilt. In the
ion of an undertaking which I believed to
ous, peace had been driven from my heart
concurrence of accident with the vices of
and the misery that I suffered, suddenly
ted itfelf: for not only enjoyment but hope
at an end; my play, upon which both had
d, was overturned from its foundation; and
much affected that I took my leave with the
ıaste of distress and perplexity. I had no
about what should be said of me when I
ırted; and perhaps, at the moment when
ut of the house, there was not in the world

any human being more wretched than myself. Th
next morning, when I reflected coolly upon thes
events, I would willingly have reconciled my ex
perience with my principles, even at the expence
my morals. I would have supposed that my desi
of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuo
indifference about the opinion of others would hav
prevented all my distress; but I was compelled
acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference w
not possible, and that no man becomes vicious
not effecting impossibilities: there may be heigh
of virtue beyond our reach; but to be vicious, w
must either do something from which we have pow
to abstain, or neglect something which we hav
power to do: there remained, therefore, no ex
pedient to recover any part of the credit I ha
lost, but setting a truth, which I had newly disc
vered by means so extraordinary, in a new ligh
and with this view I am a candidate for a place
the Adventurer.

I am Sir, your's, &c.
DRAMATICU

N° 53. TUESDAY, MAY 8th, 1753.

Quisque suos patimur Manes. VIR

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.

SIR, Fleet, May

In consequence of my engagements, I address y
once more from the habitations of misery. In t
place, from which business and pleasure are equ

excluded, and in which our only employment and diversion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much sooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promise: but since I find myself placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no less neglected by you than by the rest of mankind, I resolved no longer to wait for solicitation, but stole early this evening from between gloomy sullenness and riotous merriment, to give you an account of part of my companions.

One of the most eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whose name the Olympic heroes would not have been ashamed. Ned was born to a small estate, which he determined to improve; and therefore, as soon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and stallion, and bred horses for the course. He was at first very successful, and gained several of the king's plates, as he is now every day boasting, at the expence of very little more than ten times their value. At last, however, he discovered, that victory brought him more honour than profit; resolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illustrious, he replenished his pockets by another mortgage, became on a sudden a daring Better, and resolving not to trust a jockey with his fortune, rode his horse himself, distanced two of his competitors the first heat, and at last won the race, by forcing his horse on a descent to full speed at the hazard of his neck. His estate was thus repaired, and some friends that had no souls advised him to give over; but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore without caution increased his expences. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horse-race; and rising soon to the summit of equestrian reputation, he was constantly expected on

every course, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and as the unexperienced regulated their bets by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horse and secretly on the other. Ned was now so sure of growing rich, that he involved his estate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and risqued his whole fortune upon Bay Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, started fair and won the first heat; but in the second, as he was pushing against the foremost of his rivals, his girth broke, his shoulder was dislocated, and before he was dismissed by the surgeon, two bailiffs fastened upon him, and he saw Newmarket no more. His daily amusement for four years has been to blow the signal for starting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay-Lincoln, and to form resolutions against trusting another groom with the choice of his girth.

The next in seniority is Mr. Timothy Snug, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable secrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he possessed: Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thousand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thousand was imaginary: but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he resolved never to detect his own poverty; but furnished his house with elegance, scattered his money with profusion, encouraged every scheme of costly pleasure, spoke of petty losses with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table his resolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney-coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the son of a country gentleman, who

having no other care than to leave him rich, considered that literature could not be had without expence; masters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would sell for little. Jack was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler; and when this acquisition was made, was left to pass his days in the kitchen and the stable, where he heard no crime censured but covetousness and distrust of poor honest servants, and where all the praise was bestowed on good housekeeping and a free heart. At the death of his father, Jack set himself to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at discretion, took his housekeeper's word for the expences of the kitchen, allowed all his servants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domestics to keep his house open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchased by the loss of his patrimony either honour or pleasure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleness.

Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and passed eight years in prosperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman; but then, by some unaccountable revolution in his understanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, despised the conversation of pedlars and stockjobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety, in quest of company suited to his taste. The wits at first flocked about him for sport, and afterwards for interest; some found their way into his books, and some into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his shop for the pursuit of a

fortune; and he had sometimes the honour to hav his security accepted when his friends were in di tress. Elated with these associations, he soo learned to neglect his shop; and having drawn h money out of the funds, to avoid the necessity teazing men of honour for trifling debts, he h been forced at last to retire hither, till his frien can procure him a post at court.

Another that joins in the same mess is Bob Co nice, whose life has been spent in fitting up a hous About ten years ago Bob purchased the count habitation of a bankrupt: the mere shell of a buil ing, Bob holds no great matter, the inside is the te of elegance. Of this house he was no sooner mast than he summoned twenty workmen to his assis ance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, stripp off the wainscot, drew the windows from the frames, altered the disposition of doors and fir places, and cast the whole fabric into a new form his next care was to have his cielings painted, h pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved: eve thing was executed by the ablest hands: Bob's b siness was to follow the workmen with a micr scope, and call them to retouch their performance and heighten excellence to perfection. The rep tation of his house now brings round him a dai confluence of visitants, and every one tells him some elegance which he has hitherto overlooke some convenience not yet procured, or some ne mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had r wish but to be admired, nor any guide but th fashion, thought every thing beautiful in propo tion as it was new, and considered his work as un finished, while any observer could suggest an add tion; some alteration was therefore every da made, without any other motive than the charm

of novelty. A traveller at last suggested to him the convenience of a grotto: Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large sum in shells and minerals, was busy in regulating the disposition of the colours and lustres, when two gentlemen, who had asked permission to see his gardens, presented him a writ, and led him off to less elegant apartments.

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of sorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to solicit compassion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and despise those whom want of taste or spirit suffers to grow rich. It were happy if the prisons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like these, men whom prosperity could not make useful, and whom ruin cannot make wise: but there are among us many who raise different sensations, many that owe their present misery to the seductions of treachery, the strokes of casualty, or the tenderness of pity; many whose sufferings disgrace society, and whose virtues would adorn it: of these, when familiarity shall have enabled me to recount their stories without horror, you may expect another narrative from,

Sir,

T. Your most humble servant,

MISANGYRUS.

N° 54. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1753.

——— *Sensim labefacta cadebat*
Religio ———

CLAUDIANUS.

——— His confidence in heav'n
Sunk by degrees ———

If a recluse moralist, who speculates in a cloyster, should suppose every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder: but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to substitute the discoveries of experience for the deductions of reason, knows that he would be mistaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be less criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modestly acquiesce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would resent that of a lie as an insult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hoodwinked by custom, the creature of their own folly; and while imaginary light flashes under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the sun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deserves, though other vices incur less. I have before remarked, that there are some practices, which, though they degrade a man to the lowest class of moral characters, do yet imply some

natural superiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakness and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and dissimulation his defence; lying boasts are the stigma of impotent ambition, of obscurity without merit, and pride totally destitute of intellectual dignity: and even lies of apology imply indiscretion or rusticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanness, in those forms of speech which deceive without direct falsehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the use of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning opposite to that which they express; their speech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpose; and as they may, therefore, be properly distinguished by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cause for regret, if, like the first monster of the name, they should break their necks upon the solution of their enigmas.

Indirect lies more effectually than others destroy that mutual confidence, which is said to be the band of society: they are more frequently repeated, because they are not prevented by the dread of detection: and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, because we know not but that he may have been persuaded by the sophistry of folly, that to deceive is not to lie, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or shame.

But lying, however practised, does, like every other vice, ultimately disappoint its own purpose: 'A lying tongue is but for a moment.' Detraction, when it is discovered to be false, confers honour, and dissimulation provokes resentment; the

false boast incurs contempt, and the false apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, astonishing, that a practice, for whatever reason, so universally infamous and unsuccessful, should not be more generally and scrupulously avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the subject, I shall relate a story, which, perhaps, by those who have much sensibility, will not soon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding school near London: there was little difference in their age, and their personal accomplishments were equal: but though their families were of the same rank, yet, as Charlotte was an only child, she was considerably superior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addressed by Captain Freeman, who, besides his commission in the guards, had a small paternal estate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was desired to forbear his visits, and the lady to think of him no more. After some fruitless struggles they acquiesced; but the discontent of both was so apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miss into the country. She was sent to her aunt, the Lady Meadows, who, with her daughter, lived retired at the family seat, more than one hundred miles distant from the metropolis. After she had repined in this dreary solitude from April to August, she was surprised with a visit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forrest, a young gentleman who had just succeeded to a baronet's title, and a very large estate in the same county. Sir James had good-nature and good-sense, an eeable person, and an easy address: Miss was

insensibly pleased with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a desire to be delivered from a state of dependence and obscurity, had almost absorbed all the rest; and it is no wonder that this desire was gratified, when scarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united solicitations of her friends, and her lover, she suffered herself within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miss Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendship, might be gratified with the diversions of the town during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miss Charlotte was married, immediately made proposals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his visits to her friend, and soon after married her.

The friendship of the two young ladies seemed to be rather increased than diminished by their marriage; they were always of the same party both in the private and public diversions of the season, and visited each other without the formalities of messages and dress.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneasiness upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his mistress, whom force only had divided; and though of these interviews they were themselves witnesses, yet Sir James insensibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her husband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir James went about ten miles out of town to be present at the election of a member of parliament for the

county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and visited Mrs. Freeman: the rest of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies after supper sate down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hour till three in the morning. Lady Forrest would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary desire, importuned her to stay till the Captain came in, and at length with some reluctance she consented.

About five the Captain came home, and Lady Forrest immediately sent out for a chair: a chair, as it happened, could not be procured: but a hackney-coach being brought in its stead, the Captain insisted upon waiting on her ladyship home. This she refused with some emotion; it is probable that she still regarded the Captain with less indifference than she wished, and was therefore more sensible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reasons for rejecting it, however forcible, being such as she could not allege, he persisted, and her resolution was overborne. By this importunate complaisance the Captain had not only thrown Lady Forrest into confusion, but displeased his wife: she could not, however, without unpoliteness, oppose it; and lest her uneasiness should be discovered, she affected a negligence which in some degree revenged it: she desired that when he came back he would not disturb her, for that she should go directly to bed; and added, with a kind of drowsy insensibility, 'I am more than half asleep already.'

Lady Forrest and the Captain were to go from the Hay-market to Grosvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the

late contest had shaken off all disposition to sleep, and Lady Forrest could not help saying, that she had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The Captain zealously expressed the same sentiment, and proposed that the coach should set them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the same objections against being seen in the Mall without any other company than the Captain, that she had against its being known that they were alone together in a hackney coach: she, therefore, to extricate herself from this second difficulty, proposed that they should call at her father's in Bond-street, and take her cousin Meadows, whom she knew to be an early riser, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady Forrest found her cousin indisposed with a cold. When she had communicated the design of this early visit, Miss Meadows intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to stay till the family rose, and go home after breakfast; 'No,' replied Lady Forrest, 'I am determined upon a walk; but as I must first get rid of Captain Freeman, I will send down word that I will take your advice.' A servant was accordingly dispatched to acquaint the Captain, who was waiting below, that Miss Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged Lady Forrest to breakfast.

N° 55. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1753.

Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas. HOR.

While dangers hourly round us rise,
No caution guards us from surprize. FRANCIS.

THE Captain discharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of spirits which usually returns with the morning, even to those who have not slept in the night, he had no desire to go home, and therefore resolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady Forrest, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herself upon her deliverance; but at the same time to indulge her desire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The Captain had reached the top of the Mall, and turning back met her before she had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment she perceived him, the remembrance of her message, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falsehood, and discovery of its design, her disappointment and consciousness of that very situation which she had so much reason to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confusion which it was impossible to hide: pride and good breeding were, however, still predominant over truth and prudence; she was still zealous to remove from the *Captain's mind* any suspicion of a design to shun

him, and therefore, with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who smiles upon the rack, she affected an air of gaiety, said she was glad to see him, and as an excuse for her message and her conduct, prattled something about the fickleness of woman's mind, and concluded with observing, that she changed her's too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impossible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having insensibly gathered, and a sudden shower falling just as they reached Spring-Gardens, they went out instead of going back: and the Captain having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary to his first purpose, had returned from his journey, at night. He learnt from the servants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was secretly displeased that she had made this visit when he was absent; an incident, which, however trifling in itself, was by the magic of jealousy swelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himself for this displeasure, since the presence of the Captain's lady would sufficiently secure the honour of his own. While he was struggling with these suspicions, they increased both in number and strength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he passed the night in agonies of terror and resentment, doubting whether the absence of his lady was the effect of accident or design, listening to every noise, and bewildering himself in a multitude of extravagant suppositions. He rose again at break of day; and after several hours of suspence and irresolution, whether to wait the issue, or go out for intelligence, the restlessness of curiosity prevailed, and about eight he set out for

Captain Freeman's; but left word with
vants, that he was gone to a neighbourin
house.

Mrs. Freeman, whose affected indiffere
dissimulation of a design to go immediately
contributed to prevent the Captain's retu
during his absence suffered inexpressible di
she had, indeed, neither intention to go to b
inclination to sleep; she walked backward a
ward in her chamber, distracted with jealou
suspence, till she was informed that Sir Jam
below, and desired to see her. When she
down, he discovered that she had been in tears
fear was now more alarmed than his jealousy,
he concluded that some fatal accident had bef
his wife; but he soon learnt that she and the
tain had gone from thence at five in the morn
and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freem
by Sir James's inquiry, knew that his lady had
been at home: her suspicions, therefore, were c
firmed; and in her jealousy, which to prevent
duel she laboured to conceal, Sir James found n
cause for his own. He determined, however,
wait with as much decency as possible, till the Ca
tain came in; and perhaps two persons were neve
more embarrassed by the presence of each other
While breakfast was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came
to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning visit; and to the
unspeakable relief both of the lady and her guest
was immediately admitted. Doctor Tattle is one of
those male gossips who in the common opinion are
the most diverting company in the world. The
Doctor saw that Mrs. Freeman was low-spirited,
and made several efforts to divert her, but without
success: at last he declared with an air of ironical
importance, that he could tell her such news as

would make her look grave for something; 'The Captain,' says he, 'has just huddled a lady into a chair, at the door of a bagnio near Spring Gardens.' He soon perceived, that this speech was received with emotions very different from those he intended to produce; and, therefore, added, 'that she need not, however, be jealous; for notwithstanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he instantly discovered by her mien and appearance:' This particular confirmed the suspicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding that he was not so good company as usual, took his leave, but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His presence, however insignificant, imposed some restraint upon the rest of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could assume, asked the Captain, 'What he had done with his wife.' The Captain, with some irresolution, replied, that 'he had left her early in the morning at her father's; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, she sent word down that her cousin Meadows was indisposed, and had engaged her to breakfast.' The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lie, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he supposed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately inquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that she did not stay there to breakfast; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her absence as she thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed she also would conceal, for the same reasons; or, if she did not, as he had af-

firmed nothing contrary to truth, he might
to have concealed it in jest. Sir James, as
he had received this intelligence, took his lea
some appearance of satisfaction, and was fo
by the Doctor.

As soon as Mrs. Freeman and the Captai
alone, she questioned him with great earne
about the lady whom he had been seen to put
chair. When he had heard that this inciden
been related in the presence of Sir James, he
greatly alarmed lest Lady Forrest should incr
his suspicions, by attempting to conceal that wh
by a series of inquiry to which he was now sti
lated, he would probably discover: he condem
this conduct in himself, and, as the most effect
means at once to quiet the mind of his wife and
tain her assistance, he told her all that had ha
pened, and his apprehension of the consequence
he also urged her to go directly to Miss Meadow
by whom his account would be confirmed, and
whom she might learn farther intelligence of Si
James; and to find some way to acquaint Lady
Forrest with her danger, and admonish her to con-
ceal nothing.

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the Captain's
sincerity, not only by the advice which he urged
her to give to Lady Forrest, but by the consistency
of the story and the manner in which he was affect-
ed. Her jealousy was changed into pity for her
friend, and apprehension for her husband. She
hasted to Miss Meadows, and learnt that Sir James
had inquired of the servant for his lady, and was
told that she had been there early with Captain
Freeman, but went away soon after him: she re-
lated to Miss Meadows all that had happened, and
thinking it at least possible that Sir James might not

go directly home, she wrote the following letter to his lady:

'My dear Lady Forrest,

'I am in the utmost distress for you. Sir James has suspicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiscretion is the cause. If I had not concealed my desire of the Captain's return, your design to disengage yourself from him, which I learn from Miss Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James breakfasted with me in the Haymarket; and has since called at your father's, from whence I write: he knows that your stay here was short, and has reason to believe the Captain put you into a chair some hours afterwards at Spring-Gardens. I hope, therefore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands time enough to prevent your concealing any thing. It would have been better if Sir James had known nothing, for then you would not have been suspected; but now he must know all, or you cannot be justified. Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe me most affectionately

'Yours,

'MARIA FREEMAN.'

'P. S. I have ordered the bearer to say he came from Mrs. Fashion the milliner.'

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to say he brought it from the milliner's; because, if it should be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and should fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curiosity might prompt him to read it, and his jealousy to question the lady, without communicating the contents.

N° 56. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1

——Multos in summa pericula misit
Venturi timor ipse mali. LU

How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!

Sir James being convinced, that his lad
Captain had passed the morning at a b
the answer which he received at her fath
directly home. His lady was just arriv
him, and had not recovered from the
and dread which seized her when she hear
James came to town the night before, a
same instant anticipated the consequenc
own indiscretion. She was told he was th
coffee-house, and in a few minutes was th
an universal tremor upon hearing him kn
door. He perceived her distress, not with
sion but rage, because he believed it to
from the consciousness of guilt: he tur
and his lips quivered; but he so far rest
passion as to ask her, without invective,
and how she had passed the night.' She
'At Captain Freeman's; that the Captain
guard, that she sat up with his lady till he
and that then insisting to see her home s
suffer the coach to go no further than he
where he left her early in the morning:'
not fortitude to relate the sequel, but sto
some appearance of irresolution and te

James then asked, 'If she came directly from her father's home.' This question, and the manner in which it was asked, increased her confusion: to appear to have stopped short in her narrative, she thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a desire of concealment: but the past could not be recalled, and she was impelled by equivocation to falsehood, from which, however, she would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After these tumultuous reflections, which passed in a moment, she ventured to affirm, that 'she stayed with Miss Meadows till eight, and then came home:' but she uttered this falsehood with such marks of guilt and shame, which she had indeed no otherwise than by this falsehood incurred or deserved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her existence. As her story was the same with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining first to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the house.

At the door he met the chairman who had been dispatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady; and fiercely interrogating him what was his business, the man produced the letter, and saying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Fashion, Sir James snatched it from him, and muttering some expressions of contempt and resentment, thrust it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home; he, therefore, left a billet, in which he requested to see him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his sword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a discovery

of the falsehood which she had asserted, dispatched a billet to Captain Freeman; in which she conjured him as a man of honour, for particular reasons not to own to Sir James, or any other person, that he had seen her after he had left her at her father's: she also wrote to her cousin Meadows, intreating, that if she was questioned by Sir James, he might be told that she stayed with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herself and the servants were up.

The billet to Miss Meadows came soon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. Freeman was just gone in great haste to relate the accident to the Captain, as it was of importance that he should know it before his next interview with Sir James: but the Captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir James's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and, inquiring for Sir James Forrest, was shewn into a back-room one pair of stairs: Sir James received his salutation without reply, and instantly bolted the door. His jealousy was complicated with that indignation and contempt, which a sense of injury from a person of inferior rank never fails to produce; he, therefore, demanded of the Captain in a haughty tone, 'Whether he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's?' The Captain, who was incensed at Sir James's manner, and deemed himself engaged in honour to keep the lady's secret, answered, that 'after what he had said in the morning, no man had a right to suppose he had seen the lady afterwards; that to insinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with a falsehood; that he was bound to answer no such questions, till they were properly explained; and that as a gentleman he was prepared to vindicate

his honour.' Sir James justly deemed this reply an equivocation and an insult; and being no longer able to restrain his rage, he cursed the Captain as a liar and a scoundrel, and at the same time striking him a violent blow with his fist, drew his sword and put himself in a posture of defence. Whatever design the Captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and reconcile him to his wife, when he first entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had suffered equal indignity; he, therefore, drew at the same instant, and after a few desperate passes on both sides, he received a wound in his breast, and reeling backward a few paces fell down.

The noise had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open just as the Captain received his wound: Sir James was secured, and a messenger was dispatched for a surgeon. In the mean time, the Captain perceived himself to be dying: and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and shame, he now thought all dissimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: he, therefore, earnestly desired to speak a few words to him in private. This request was immediately granted; the persons who had rushed in withdrew, contenting themselves to keep guard at the door; and the Captain beckoning Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him, that 'however his lady might have been surprised or betrayed by pride or fear into dissimulation or falsehood, she was innocent of the crime which he supposed her solicitous to conceal:' he then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at last, grasping his hand, urged him to escape from the *window, that he might* be a friend to his widow and

to his child, if its birth should not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and escaped as the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next post inclosed it in the following to his lady:

'My dear Charlotte,

'I AM the most wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cause: would to God that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of dissimulation. By dissimulation dear Captain Freeman was induced to waste those hours with you, which he would otherwise have enjoyed with the poor unhappy dissembler his wife. Trusting in the success of dissimulation, you was tempted to venture into the Park, where you met him whom you wished to shun. By detecting dissimulation in the Captain, my suspicions were increased; and by dissimulation and falsehood you confirmed them. But your dissimulation and falsehood were the effects of mine; yours were ineffectual, mine succeeded: for I left word that I was gone no further than the Coffee-house, that you might not suspect I had learned too much to be deceived. By the success of a lie put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter which at last would have undeceived me; and by persisting in dissimulation, the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does insincerity terminate in misery and confusion, whether in its immediate purpose its succeeds or is disappointed. O my dear Charlotte! if ever we meet again,——to meet again in peace is impossible—— but if ever we meet again, let us resolve to be sincere: to be sincere is to be wise, innocent and safe. We venture to commit faults which shame or fear

would prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them by a lie. But in the labyrinth of falsehood, men meet those evils which they seek to avoid; and as in the strait path of truth alone they can see before them, in the strait path of truth alone they can pursue felicity with success. Adieu! I am —— dreadful! — I can subscribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me—Adieu!'

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her husband was cast away in his passage to France.

N° 57. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1753.

——— *Nec vox hominem sonat* ——— VIRG.

——— O more than human voice!

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR

LONGINUS proceeds to address his friend Terentianus in the following manner:

It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the most amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the most graceful dress, but also to give life and motion to immaterial beings; and form, and colour, and action, even to abstract ideas; to embody the Virtues, the Vices, and the Passions; and to bring before our eyes, as on a *stage, every faculty* of the human mind.

Prosopopœia, therefore, or personification, ducted with dignity and propriety may be esteemed one of the greatest efforts of the cr power of a warm and lively imagination. (figure many illustrious examples may be pre from the Jewish writers I have been so ea recommending to your perusal; among every part and object of nature is animate endowed with sense, with passion, and wit guage.

To say that the lightening obeyed the com of GOD, would of itself be sufficiently sublim a Hebrew bard expresses this idea with far energy and life: 'Canst thou send lightning they may go, and say unto thee, Here w And again, 'God sendeth forth light, and it he calleth it again, and it obeyeth him with How animated, how emphatical, is this une answer, 'Here we are!'

Plato, with a divine boldness, introduces Crito, the Laws of Athens pleading with So and dissuading him from an attempt to escap the prison in which he was confined; and th man rival of DEMOSTHENES has made his C tenderly expostulate with Catiline, on the ful miseries which his rebellion would devo her head. But will a candid critic prefer ei these admired personifications, to those pass the Jewish poets, where Babylon, or Jerusal Tyre, are represented as sitting on the dust, c with sackcloth, stretching out her hands in and loudly lamenting their desolation? Na ther, will he reckon them even equal to the ing fictions? Wisdom is introduced, saying self; 'When GOD prepared the heavens, there; when he set a circle upon the face deep, when he gave to the sea his decree

ters should not pass his commandments, when appointed the foundations of the earth, then was by him as one brought up with him; and I was daily his delight, playing always before him.' Here, Terentianus, shall we find our Minerva, speaking with such dignity and elevation? The goddess of the Hebrew bard, is not only the patroness and inventress of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductress of human life; but she is painted as immortal and eternal, the constant companion of the great CREATOR himself, and the partaker of his counsels and designs. Still bolder is the other Prosopopœia: 'Destruction and Death say (of Wisdom) we have heard the fame thereof with our ears.' If pretenders to taste and judgment censure such a fiction as extravagant and wild, I despise their frigidity and gross insensibility.

When JEHOVAH is represented as descending to punish the earth in his just anger, it is added, 'before him went the Pestilence.' When the Babylonian tyrant is destroyed, 'the fir-trees rejoice at his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.' And at the captivity of Jerusalem the very counterparts and the walls lament, 'they languish together.' Read likewise the following address, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of perusal: 'O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it not be ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest and be silent.' Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguish, and revenge ascribed to the trees of the forest, to walls, and warlike instruments.

Before I conclude these observations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable passages

in the Hebrew writers, because they bear a close resemblance with two in our own tragedians.

Sophocles, by a noble Prosopopœia, thus aggravates the misery of the Thebans, visited by a dreadful plague——'Hell is enriched with groans and lamentations.' This image is heightened by a Jewish author, who describes Hell or Hades, as, 'an enormous monster, who hath extended and enlarged himself, and opened his insatiable mouth without measure.'

Cassandra, in Eschylus, struck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemnestra, who is murdering her husband Agamemnon, suddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury, 'shall I call her the direful mother of Hell!' To represent the most terrible species of destruction, the Jewish poet says, 'the first-born of Death shall devour his strength.'

Besides the attribution of person and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is still another species of the Prosopopœia no less lively and beautiful than the former, when a real person is introduced speaking with propriety and decorum. The speeches which the Jewish poets have put into the mouth of their JEHOVAH, are worthy the greatness and incomprehensible Majesty of the All-Perfect Being. Hear him asking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony, 'Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereon are the foundations thereof fastened, or who laid the corner-stone? When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of GOD shouted for joy? Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb? When I brake it up

or my decreed place, and set bars, and doors, and said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed.' How can we reply to these sublime inquiries, but in the words that follow? 'Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.'

I have in a former treatise observed to you, that Homer has degraded his Gods into men: these writers alone have not violated the DIVINE MAJESTY by inadequate and indecent representations, but have made the great CREATOR act and speak in a manner suitable to the supreme dignity of his nature, as far as the grossness of mortal conceptions will permit. From the sublimity and spirituality of their notions, so different in degree and kind from those of the most exalted philosophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inspiration reasonable and just, since GOD alone can describe himself to man.

I had written thus far, when I received dispatches from the empress Zenobia, with orders to attend her instantly at Palmyra; but am resolved, before I set out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful comparisons of the Hebrew poets.

The use of similies in general consists in the illustration or amplification of any subject, or in presenting pleasing pictures to the mind by the suggestion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards disdain minute resemblances, and seek not an exact correspondence with every feature of the object they introduce. Provided a general likeness appear, they think it sufficient. Not solicitous for exactness, which in every work is the sure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumstances that perhaps have no direct affinity

to the subject, but taken all together contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

The pleasures of friendship and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments usually poured on the priest's head, which run down to his beard and even to the skirts of his clothing. The sun rising and breaking in upon the shades of night, is compared to a bridegroom issuing out of his chamber; in allusion to the Jewish custom of ushering the bridegroom from his chamber at midnight with great solemnity and splendor, preceded by the light of innumerable lamps and torches. How amiably is the tenderness and solicitude of GOD for his favourites expressed! 'As the eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead them!' On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation described; 'I will be unto them as a lion, as a leopard by the way will I observe them. I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and I will rent the caul of their heart.' A little afterwards the scene suddenly changes, and divine favour is painted by the following similitudes; 'I will be as the dew unto Judea; he shall grow as the lily; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell like Mount Libanus.' Menander himself, that just characterizer of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively comparison than the following: 'As the climbing a sandy way is to the feet of the aged, so is a wife full of words to a quiet man.' Nor has one of our Grecian poets spoken so feelingly, so eloquently, or so elegantly of beauty, as the Emperor Solomon of his mistress, or bride, in images perfectly original and new: 'Thy hair,' says he,

is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that are even shorn, that come up from the washing:' by which similitude their exact equality, evenness, and whiteness, are justly represented. 'Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men:' that is, straight and tall, adorned with golden chains and the richest jewels of the East. 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies:' the exquisite elegance and propriety of which similitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

I have purposely reserved one comparison for a conclusion, not only for the sake of its beauty and justness, but because it describes a friendship so different from the constancy which I hope will ever be the character of yours and mine. 'My brethren,' says the writer, 'have dealt deceitfully with me. They are like torrents which when swoln and increased, with winter showers and the meltings of snow, promise great and unfailing plenty of waters; but in the times of violent heats, suddenly are parched up and disappear. The traveller in the deserts of Arabia seeks for them in vain; the troops of Sheba looked, the caravans of Tema waited for them: they came to the accustomed springs for relief; they were confounded, they perished with thirst.'

In giving you these short specimens of Jewish poesy, I think I may compare myself to those spies which the above-mentioned Moses dispatched, to discover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of its fruitfulness, the most delicious figs and pomegranates, and a branch with one cluster of grapes, 'so large and weighty,' says the historian, 'that they bare it between *two upon a staff.*' Farewel. Z.

N° 58. SATURDAY, MA

Damnant quod non intelligunt.

They condemn what they do not

EURIPIDES, having presented S writings of Heraclitus, a philosop volution and obscurity, inquire opinion of their merit. 'What I Socrates, 'I find to be excellen believe that to be of equal valu understand.'

The reflection of every man w sage will suggest to him the diffe practice of Socrates, and that o Socrates, who had, by long obser self and others, discovered the strongest, and the dimness of the intellect, was afraid to decide h favour, or to conclude that an au without meaning, because he c ately catch his ideas; he knew t books are often more justly imp der, who sometimes wants atte times penetration; whose unde obstructed by prejudice, and ofte missness; who comes sometimes t furnished with the knowledge pre and finds difficulties insuperable, dour sufficient to encounter them

Obscurity and clearness are r some readers scarce any book i not many are difficult: and s

ither any exuberant praise bestowed by others,
r any eminent conquests over stubborn pro-
ems, have entitled to exalt themselves above the
mmon orders of mankind, might condescend to
itate the candour of Socrates; and where they
d incontestible proofs of superior genius, be con-
nt to think that there is justness in the connection
ich they cannot trace, and cogency in the rea-
ning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reasonable, than in
e perusal of the authors of antiquity; of those
hose works have been the delight of ages, and
ansmitted as the great inheritance of mankind
om one generation to another: surely, no man
n, without the utmost arrogance, imagine, that
brings any superiority of understanding to the
rusal of these books which have been preserved
the devastation of cities, and snatched up from
e wreck of nations; which those who fled before
rbarians have been careful to carry off in the
rry of migration, and of which barbarians have
pented the destruction. If in books thus made
nerable by the uniform attestation of successive
es, any passages shall appear unworthy of that
aise which they have formerly received; let us
t immediately determine, that they owed their
putation to dulness or bigotry; but suspect at
st that our ancestors had some reasons for their
inions, and that our ignorance of those reasons
akes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is
dangered in succeeding times, by that which rais-
the loudest applause among his contemporaries:
thing is read with greater pleasure than allusions
recent facts, reigning opinions, or present con-
oversies; but when facts are forgotten, and con-
oversies extinguished, these favourite touches lose

all their graces; and the author in his descent to posterity must be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of ascertaining the memory of those things to which he owed his luckiest thoughts and his kindest reception.

On such occasions, every reader should remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he should impute the seeming defects of his author to some chasm of intelligence, and suppose, that the sense, which is now weak was once forcible, and the expression which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient history has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator sometimes effuses, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus, in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations against those that should presume to raise again the walls of Troy, could for many ages please only by splendid images and swelling language, of which no man discovered the use or propriety, till Le Fevre, by shewing on what occasion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many passages yet undoubtedly remain in the same author, which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among these I have always numbered the following lines;

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et subruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All-powerful gold can spread its course,
Thro' watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold thro' cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Tho' fierce as their own winds and waves.

FRANCIS.

lose of this pasage, by which every reader is disappointed and offended, was probably the ɔt of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined Horace, after having given to gold the force of ler, and told of its power to storm cities and ɔnquer kings, would have concluded his ac- t of its efficacy with its influence over naval ıanders, had he not alluded to some fact then nt in the mouths of men, and therefore more sting for a time than the conquests of Philip. e like kind may be reckoned another stanza same book;

——— *Jussa coram non sine conscio*
Surgit marito, seu vocat institor
Seu navis Hispanæ magister
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame. FRANCIS.

ıs little knowledge of Horace who imagines he Factor, or the Spanish Merchant, are men- l by chance: there was undoubtedly some po- story of an intrigue, which those names re- *to the memory* of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts, though somewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipsed, his address and judgment yet appear, though much of the spirit and vigour of his sentiment is lost: this has happened to the twentieth Ode of the first book.

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ
Conditum levi; datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plausus,
Chare Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,
(Should great Mæcenas be my guest)
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast;
'Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
Its rougher juice to melt away;
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,
When in applausive shouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's stream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.
FRANCIS.

We here easily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation; but certainly are less delighted than those, to whom the mention of the applause bestowed upon Mæcenas, gave occasion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exercised the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an easy supposition: Horace thus addresses Agrippa:

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.

Varius, *a swan of Homer's wing*,
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing. FRANCIS.

it Varius should be called 'A bird of Homeric g,' appears so harsh to modern ears, that an emen- ion of the text has been proposed: but surely the ning of the antients had been long ago oblite- d, had every man thought himself at liberty to upt the lines which he did not understand. If imagine that Varius had been by any of his co- poraries celebrated under the appellation of arum Ales, the swan of the Muses, the language lorace becomes graceful and familiar; and that a compliment was at least possible, we know from ransformation feigned by Horace of himself. he most elegant compliment that was paid to ison, is of this obscure and perishable kind.

> When panting Virtue her last efforts made,
> You brought your Clio to the virgins's aid.

e lines must please as long as they are under- d; but can be understood only by those that observed Addison's signatures in the Spectator. he nicety of these minute allusions I shall ex- lify by another instance, which I take this oc- on to mention, because, as I am told, the com- tators have omitted it. Tibullus addresses thia in this manner:

> *Te spectem, suprema mihi cùm venerit hora,*
> *Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.*
>
> Before my closing eyes, dear Cynthia, stand,
> Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

these lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the h of Tibullus:

> *Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit, amata*
> *Sum tibi; vixisti dum tuus ignis eram,*
> *Cui Nemesis, quid, ait, tibi sunt mea damna dolori?*
> *Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.*

Blest was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:
Not till he left my breast, Tibullus dy'd.
Forbear, said Nemesis, my loss to moan,
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this passage, which consi
approbation made by Nemesis of the line
directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imp
to succeeding ages, had chance, which ha
ed so many greater volumes, deprived u
of the poems of Tibullus.

T.

N° 59. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 17

——Si Pieriâ Quadrans tibi nullus in Arcâ
Ostendatur, ames nomen victumque Machæræ
Et vendas potiùs, commissa quod Auctio vendit
Stantibus, Oenophorum, Tripodes, Armaria, Cistas,
Haleyonem Bacchi, Thebas, & Tereo fausti.

If not a souse in thy lank purse appear,
Go mount the rostrum and turn auctioneer;
With china crack'd the greedy crowd trepan,
With spurious pictures and with false japan;
Sell the collected stores of misers dead,
Or English peers for debts to Gallia fled.

THE indigence of authors, and partic
poets, has long been the object of lament
ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one fav
the Muses has ever been able to build a ho
the days of Amphion, whose art it wou

nate for them if they possessed; and that the eatest punishment than can possibly be inflicted ı them, is to oblige them to sup in their own dgings.

——Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.

Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings en-rtained and instructed the city and the court, as aving passed the summer without a shirt, and the inter without a cloak; and resolving at last to rsake Paris,

——— où la vertu n'a plus ni Feu ni Lieu;

Where shiv'ring worth no longer finds a home;

nd to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

D' où jamais ni l'Huissier, ni le Sergent n' approche;

Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest. POPE.

'The rich Comedian,' says Bruyere, 'lolling in his ilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walk-ng afoot:' and Juvenal remarks, that his contem-orary bards generally qualified themselves by their liet, to make excellent bustos; that they were ompelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, n order to warm themselves for nothing; and that t was the common fate of the fraternity,

Pallere, & vinum toto nescire Decembri.

——To pine,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine.
DRYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in *he streets, or on some* Roman Bulk, when he speaks

so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well-known epigram.

'There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits,' said a lively Frenchman, 'and it might be called an hospital of incurables.'

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero's good fortune,

Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Ostendat nemore in tanto!

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold. PITT.

The patronage of Lelius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer, little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised, and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. 'At last,' says he, in one of his epistles, 'I should have been advanced to a cardinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are secluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand *ducats.*'

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose,

intitled, 'A Poet hath bought a house.' The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly, a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unsettled and without care like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather the boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear, on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar professors, that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or spendthrifts, and that those who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of œconomy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justifica-

tion to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhimer has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. 'If I should happen to look pale,' says Horace, 'all the hackney-writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin to gain the same complexion.' And I myself am acquainted with a witling who uses a glass, only because Pope was near-sighted.

I can easily conceive, that a mind occupied and overwhelmed with the weight and immensity of its own conceptions, glancing with astonishing rapidity from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, cannot willingly submit to the dull drudgery of examining the justness and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To descend from the widest and most comprehensive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, must be invincibly disgusting to a true genius: to be able to build imaginary palaces of the most exquisite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and disgrace: to be ruined by pursuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by plowing classically, without attending to the wholesome monitions of low British farmers, is a circumstance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wishes to have lived in the Augustan age, and despises the system of modern husbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condescended to the cares of œconomy, and who *have conducted* their families with all the parsi-

ony and regularity of an alderman of the last ntury; who have not superciliously disdained to ter into the concerns of common life, and to bscribe to and study certain necessary dogmas the vulgar, convinced of their utility and ex-diency, and well knowing that because they are lgar, they are, therefore, both important and true. If we look backwards on antiquity, or survey es nearer our own, we shall find several of the atest geniuses so far from being sunk in indi-ice, that many of them enjoyed splendor and nours, or at least were secured against the anxi-es of poverty, by a decent competence and nty of the conveniences of life.

Indeed, to pursue riches farther than to attain a cent competence, is too low and illiberal an occu-tion for a real genius to descend to; and Ho-ce wisely ascribes the manifest inferiority of the man literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate ve of money, which necessarily contracts and sts the mind, and disqualifies it for noble and nerous undertakings.

Æschylus was an officer of no small rank in the henian army at the celebrated battle of Mara-on; and Sophocles was an accomplished general, o commanded his countrymen in several most portant expeditions: Theocritus was caressed d enriched by Ptolemy; and the gaiety of Ana-eon was the result of ease and plenty: Pindar s better rewarded for many of his odes, than y other bard ancient or modern, except perhaps ileau for his celebrated piece of flattery on the king Namur: Virgil at last possessed a fine house Rome, and a Villa at Naples: 'Horace,' says vift in one of his lectures on œconomy to Gay, I am sure kept his coach:' Lucan and Silius Ita-us *dwelt in marble* palaces, and had their gar

adorned with the most exquisi
Greece: Milton was fond of a
lived with exemplary frugali
neille and Racine were both
of their families, faithful husb
œconomists: Boileau, by the li
was enabled to purchase a d
Auteuil, was eminently skilled
of his finances, and despised th
arrogantly aims to place itsel
sary decorums and rules of civi
particulars they were equalled
and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to b
few examples to the contrary,
dence are incompatible; a co
to have arisen in this kingdom
behaviour of the despicable de
graced the muses and the co
Second, by their lives and by
those who are blest with ge
œconomy is the parent of integ
of ease: and the beauteous si
of cheerfulness, and health; a
is a cruel and crafty demon,
volves her followers in depe
that is, fetters them with 'ir
their souls.'

N° 60. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1753.

Jus est et ab hoste doceri.

Our foes may teach, the wise by foes are taught.

To have delayed the publication of the following letter would have been surely inexcusable; as it is subscribed by the name of a very great personage, who has been long celebrated for his superiority of genius and knowledge: and whose abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by servility or faction, when his genuine productions shall be better known. He has, indeed, been suspected of some attempts against Revealed Religion; but the letter which I have the honour to publish, will do justice to his character, and set his principles in a new light.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

As your principal design is to revive the practice of virtue, by establishing the Christian Religion; you will naturally conclude, that your views and mine are directly opposite: and my attempt to shew, that it is your interest to admit my correspondence, will, therefore, be considered as a proof of the contrary. You will, however, soon discover, that by promoting your interest, I seek *my own; and when* you have read my letter, you

will be far from suspecting, that under a specious show of concurrence in your undertaking, I have concealed an attempt to render it ineffectual.

'Never to give up the present for the future, is a maxim which I have always taught both by precept and example: I consider the NOW, as the whole of my existence; and therefore to improve it, is the whole of my study. And, indeed, happiness, like virtue, consists not in rest but in action; it is found rather in the pursuit, than the attainment of an end: for though the death of the stag, is the purpose of the chace; yet the moment this purpose is accomplished, the sport is at an end. Virtue and Religion alone can afford me employment: without them, I must inevitably be idle; and to be idle is to be wretched. I should, therefore, instead of attempting to destroy the principles upon which I was resisted, have been content to surmount them: for he who should hamstring the game, lest any of them should escape, would be justly disappointed of the pleasure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my present condition: and as it will at once answer your purpose and mine, I shall exhibit an account of my conduct, and shew how my disappointment was produced.

My principal business has always been to counterwork the effects of Revealed Religion: I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Christians. In the early ages of the world, when Revelation was frequently repeated with sensible and miraculous circumstances, I was far from being idle; and still think it an incontestible proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unsuccessful. I applied not so much to the understanding as to the senses, till after the promulgation of Christianity; but I soon discovered that Christianity afforded motives to Virtue and Piety, which

:re scarce to be overpowered by temptation: I
ıs, therefore, obliged now to exert my power, not
on the senses but the understanding. As I could
t suspend the force of these motives, I laboured
direct them towards other objects: and in the
hth century I had so far succeeded, as to pro-
ce a prevailing opinion, that 'the worship of
ages was of more moment than moral rectitude:'
vas decreed by a pope and council, that to speak
them with irreverence was a forfeit of salvation,
l that the offender should, therefore, be excom-
ınicated: those who opposed this decree, were
secuted with fire and sword; and I had the satis-
tion not only of supplanting virtue, but of pro-
gating misery, by a zeal for religion. I must not,
wever, arrogate all the honour of an event which
much exceeded my hopes; for many arguments
favour of images were drawn from a book, in-
led Pratum Spirituale: in which it is affirmed,
ıt having long tempted a hermit to incontinence,
ffered to desist if he would cease to worship an
age of the Virgin; and that the hermit having
nsulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuse the
ndition, was told, that it was more eligible to
mmit incontinence, than to neglect the worship
images: and I declare upon my honour, that the
:ts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen,
t are wholly invented by the ingenious author.
ıat salvation had very little connection with vir-
:, was indeed an opinion which I propagated with
:at diligence; and with such success, that Boni-
:e, the apostle of Germany, declared the benefit
Sacraments to depend upon the qualifications of
ɔse by whom they were administered; and that a
.varian monk having ignorantly baptised in these
rds, 'Baptizo te in nomine patria filia et spiritua
ieta,' all such baptisms were invalid. Against
wledge, however, I never failed to oppose zeal;

and when Vigilius asserted, that the earth
sphere, there were people upon it the soles
feet were directly opposite to each other; t
father Boniface represented him to the p
corrupter of the Christian Faith; and the p
curring with Boniface, soon after excomm
a bishop for adopting so dangerous an opi
claring him an heretic, and a blasphemer
God and his own soul. In these instances
cess was the more remarkable, as I veril
Boniface himself intended well, because h
martyr with great constancy.

I found, however, that while the Gosp
publicly read, the superstructure which I h
upon them was in perpetual danger: I, t
exerted all my influence to discontinue the
and at length succeeded, though Aristotle'
were substituted for them in some
churches; but against Aristotle's Ethics I
equal objections.

During this period, therefore, my pow
neither dissipated by unsuccessful labour,
dered useless by necessary idleness: I
plexed and confounded the most simple
tary doctrines, with absurd subtilties and
gant conceits: and I had armed with the
of superstition, and disguised with the tin
remony, that Religion which comprehend
precept in Love to God, and to Man; wh
no direction about divine worship, but that
be performed in Spirit and in Truth;
Social Virtue, but that love of self shoul
measure of bounty to others. But there
personal sanctity though the doctrine an
cipline of the church was become corrupt
culous: zeal was still animated by integrity
it was no longer directed by knowledge: th
and the honour of God were still intende

means were mistaken. Many indeed, gladly ıtituted gain for godliness; and committed every ːies of wickedness, because they hoped to appro- .te works of supererogation that were performed others: but there were some who practised all severities of erroneous piety, and suffered the ːtification which they recommended: so that I still something to do, and was still encouraged liligence by success.

ɔut all these advantages depended upon igno- ce; for the security of ignorance, therefore, I ːmed, that she was the mother of devotion; a so successful, that it passed into a proverb.

The period, however, arrived, when knowledge ıld be no longer suppressed; and I was under most dreadful apprehensions that all the ab- dities, by which I had diminished the influence l the beauty of Christianity, would now be re- ved: I could not conceive that those motives ich had produced abstinence and solitude, vigils, ıurgings, and the mortification of every appetite l every passion, would fail to produce a more ısonable service; or become ineffectual, when ː paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful t pleasant. I did not, however, sit down in de- ıir; but the knowledge which I could not repress, laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is ite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I ew that if all was rejected as incredible which was t comprehended, I should have little to fear from ːeligion founded in Infinite Perfection, and con- cted with revelations which an Infinite Being had uchsafed of himself. I, therefore, immediately posed reason to faith: I threw out subjects of bate which I knew could never be discussed; the sent of many was suspended, in expectation that *possibilities* would be effected; and at last re- ːd *in the fret*fulness of disappointment. Thus

tection, from insult at the risque of life; and *Aleate* for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law would not have obliged him, at the expence of liberty. But the champion of the lady had first seduced her to adultery; and to preserve her from the resentment of her husband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promise had paid a sum, which should have discharged the bill of a necessitous tradesman, to a gamester of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumstances should abstain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In these speculations I exhausted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length sinking into slumber, I was immediately transported into the regions of fancy.

As I was sitting pensive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whose appearance was extremely venerable advanced towards me with great speed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began hastily to climb the hill. My mind suddenly suggested, that this was the genius of Instruction: I, therefore, instantly rose up, and obeyed the silent intimation of his will: but not being able to ascend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand, 'Linger not,' said he, 'lest the hour of illumination be at an end.' We now ascended together, and when we had gained the summit he stood still. 'Survey the prospect,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'To the right,' replied I, 'is a long valley, and on the left a boundless plain: at the end of the valley is a mountain that reaches to the clouds; and on the summit a brightness which I cannot yet stedfastly behold.' In that valley, said he, the disciples of Virtue press forward; and the

taries of Vice wander on the plain. In the path Virtue are many asperities: the foot is some-ıes wounded by thorns, and sometimes bruised ainst a stone; but the sky over it is always se-ıe; the traveller is refreshed by the breezes of alth, and invigorated by the ray of cheerfulness. e plain is adorned with flowers, which gratify the ıse with fragrance and beauty; but the beauty is ınsient, and the fragrance hurtful: the ground is t and level; and the paths are so various, that turf is no where worn away; but above is per-tual gloom; the sun is not seen, nor the breeze t; the air stagnates, and pestilential vapours dif-ıe drowsinesss, lassitude and anxiety. At the ot of the mountain are the bowers of Peace, and the summit is the temple of Honour.

But all the disciples of Virtue do not ascend the ountain: her path, indeed, is continued beyond e bowers: and the last stage is the ascent of the ecipice: to climb, is the voluntary labour of the orous and the bold; to desist, is the irreproach-le repose of the timid and the weary. To those, wever, who have surmounted the difficulties of e way, the gates of the temple have not always en opened; nor against those by whom it has ver been trodden, have they always been shut: e declivity of the mountain on the other side, is adual and easy; and by the appointment of fate, e entrance of the temple of Honour has been ways kept by Opinion. Opinion, indeed, ought have acted under the influence of Truth; but is soon perverted by Prejudice and Custom: she mitted many who ascended the mountain with-t labour from the plain, and rejected some who d toiled up the precipice in the path of Virtue. ese, however, were not clamorous for admit-ance; but either repined in silence, or exulting

with honest pride in the consciousness of their dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt disdain; and smiled upon the world which had left beneath them, the witness of that la of which they had been refused the reward.

But the crowd within the temple became dis tented and tumultuous: the disciples of Vi jealous of an eminence which they had obt by the utmost efforts of human power, made attempts to expel those who had strolled gently up the slope, and been admitted by Op to pollute the temple and disgrace the asse those whose right was disputed, were, howeve ready to decide the controversy by the sword; as they dreaded scarce any imputation but co dice, they treated those with great insolence declined this decision, and yet would not their claim.

This confusion and uproar was beheld b Goddess with indignation and regret: she fl the throne of Jupiter, and casting herself a feet, 'Great ruler of the world,' said she, 'if I erected a temple to fulfil the purposes of thy dom and thy love, to allure mortals up the ste Virtue, and animate them to communicate h ness at the expence of life; let it not be perv to render Vice presumptuous, nor possesse those who dare to perish in the violation o laws, and the diffusion of calamity.' Jupiter g ously touched the Goddess with his sceptre, an plied, 'that the appointment of fate he coul reverse; that admission to her temple must sti pend upon Opinion; but that he would depute son to examine her conduct, and, if possible her again under the influence of Truth.'

Reason, therefore, in obedience to the com of Jupiter, descended upon the mountain of

ınd entered the temple. At the first appear-
f Reason contention was suspended, and the
assembly became silent with expectation:
e moment she revealed her commission, the
ıt was renewed with yet greater violence.
ere equally confident, that Reason would esta-
the determination of Opinion in their favour;
he that spoke loudest hoped to be first heard.
ıon knew, that those only had a right to enter
temple, who ascended by the path of Virtue; to
ermine, therefore, who should be expelled or
eived, nothing more seemed necessary, than to
cover by which avenue they had access: but
ason herself found this discovery, however easy
speculation, very difficult in effect.

The most flagitious affirmed, that if they had
ot walked the whole length of the valley, they
ame into it at the foot of the mountain; and that
t least the path by which they had ascended it,
ras the path of Virtue. This was eagerly contra-
licted by others; and, to prevent the tedious la-
ıour of deducing truth from a great variety of cir-
umstances, Opinion was called to decide the ques-
ion.

But it soon appeared, that Opinion scarce knew
ne path from the other; and that she neither de-
ermined to admit or refuse upon certain princi-
les, or with discriminating knowledge. Reason,
ıowever, still continued to examine her; and, that
he might judge of the credibility of her evidence
y the account she would give of a known character,
sked her, which side of the mountain was ascend-
d by the Macedonian who deluged the world with
lood: she answered without hesitation, 'The side
f Virtue; that she knew she was not mistaken,
ecause she saw him in the path at a great dista
nd remarked that no man had ever ascended

such impetuous speed.' As Reason kne
count to be false, she ordered Opinion
missed, and proceeded to a more particu
nation of the parties themselves.

Reason found the accounts of many t
highest degree extravagant and absurd:
proof of their having climbed the path
described prospects that appeared from
site side of the mountain; and others
that the path was smooth and level, and
had walked it without stumbling when
scarce awake, and others when they were
ed with wine.

Upon the foreheads of all these Reaso
ed a mark of reprobation: and as she cou
pel them without the concurrence of O
delivered them over to Time, to whom
Opinion had always paid great deference
had generally been a friend to Truth.

Time was commanded to use his in
procure their expulsion, and to persuad
to regulate her determinations by the ju
Truth. Justice also decreed, that if sh
to execute her office with negligence a
under the influence of Prejudice, and
rence with the absurdities of Custom, she
given up to Ridicule, a remorseless bein
joices in the anguish which he inflicts
alone Opinion can be punished; at the
his scourge, she trembles with apprehe
whenever it has been applied by the d
Justice, Opinion has always become o
Truth.

Time, continued my instructor, still
fulfil the command of Reason: but thou
procured many to be expelled who
admitted, yet, he has gained admission

been rejected; and Opinion still conti-
igent and perverse; for as she has often
:ourge of Ridicule when it has not been
, the dread of it has no otherwise in-
her conduct, than by throwing her into
nfusion, that the purposes of Reason are
ıes involuntarily defeated.

w then,' said I, 'shall Honour distinguish
vhom she wishes to reward?' 'They shall
nguished,' replied the visionary sage, 'in the
ı of Immortality; to which they will at length
ıducted by Time, who will not suffer them to
ally disappointed.'

ile I was listening to this reply, with my eyes
stedfastly upon the temple, it suddenly dis-
ared: the black clouds that hovered over the
. of Vice burst in thunder; the hill on which I
d began to sink under me; and the start of
len terror as I descended awaked me.

N° 62. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1753.

O fortuna viris invida fortibus,
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SENECA.

Capricious Fortune ever joys
With partial hand to deal the prize,
To crush the brave and cheat the wise.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, Fleet, June 6.

To the account of such of my companions as are imprisoned without being miserable, or are miserable without any claim to compassion; I promised to add the histories of those, whose virtue has made them unhappy, or whose misfortunes are at least without a crime. That this catalogue should be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; 'rari quippe boni;' 'The good are few.' Virtue is uncommon in all the classes of humanity; and I suppose it will scarcely be imagined more frequent in a prison than in other places.

Yet in these gloomy regions is to be found the tenderness, the generosity, the philanthropy of Serenus, who might have lived in competence and ease, if he could have looked without emotion on the miseries of another. Serenus was one of those exalted minds, whom knowledge and sagacity could not make suspicious; who poured out his

soul in boundless intimacy, and thought community of possessions the law of friendship. The friend of Serenus was arrested for debt, and after many endeavours to soften his creditor, sent his wife to solicit that assistance which never was refused. The tears and importunity of female distress were more than was necessary to move the heart of Serenus; he hasted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the present pressure was taken off, he should soon be able to re-establish his affairs. Serenus, accustomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate distress, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he shall immediately be happy: he, therefore, with little hesitation offered himself as surety.

In the first raptures of escape all was joy, gratitude and confidence; the friend of Serenus displayed his prospects, and counted over the sums of which he should infallibly be master before the day of payment. Serenus in a short time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himself to repent of beneficence; and therefore suffered himself still to be amused with projects which he durst not consider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raising money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or resolution to surrender himself to prison, and left Serenus to take his place.

Serenus has often proposed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he shall appear to have lost by the flight of his friend; but however reasonable this proposal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and Serenus still continues to languish in prison.

In this place, however, where want makes almost every man selfish, or desperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend: he passes most of his hours in the conversation of Candidus, a man whom the same virtuous ductility has with some difference of circumstances made equally unhappy. Candidus, when he was young, helpless, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and supported him: his patron being more vigilant for others than himself, left at his death an only son, destitute and friendless. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own house, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a security for his conduct.

The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the observation, and deprived of the only instruction which he heard with reverence, soon learned to consider virtue as restraint, and restraint as oppression; and to look with a longing eye at every expence to which he could not reach, and every pleasure which he could not partake: by degrees he deviated from his first regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men busy in dissipating the gains of their fathers industry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, spent the evening in parties of pleasure, and the morning in expedients to support his riots. He was, however, dextrous and active in business; and his master, being secured against any consequences of dishonesty, was very little solicitous to inspect his manners, or to inquire how he passed those hours, which were not immediately devoted to the business of his profession: when he was informed of young man's extravagance or debauchery, 'Let

is bondsman look to that,' said he, 'I have taken are of myself.'

Thus the unhappy spendthrift proceeded from olly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his master; till n the heat of a nocturnal revel he committed such iolences in the street as drew upon him a criminal rosecution. Guilty and unexperienced, he knew ot what course to take; to confess his crime to 'andidus, and solicit his interposition, was little ess dreadful than to stand before the frown of a ourt of justice. Having, therefore, passed the ay with anguish in his heart and distraction in his ooks, he seized at night a very large sum of money n the compting-house, and setting out he knew not hither, was heard of no more.

The consequence of his flight was the ruin of Canidus; ruin surely undeserved and irreproachable, nd such as the laws of a just government ought ither to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequiable than that one man should suffer for the crimes f another, for crimes which he neither prompted or permitted, which he could neither foresee nor revent. When we consider the weakness of huaan resolutions, and the inconsistency of human onduct, it must appear absurd that one man should ngage for another, that he will not change his opiions or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of consideration, whether, ince no wager is binding without a possibility of oss on each side, it is not equally reasonable, that o contract should be valid without reciprocal stiulations: but in this case, and others of the same ind, what is stipulated on his side to whom the bond s given? he takes advantage of the security, negects his affairs, omits his duty, suffers timorous ickedness to grow daring by degrees, permits ap-

petite to call for new gratifications, and, perha
secretly longs for the time in which he shall h
power to seize the forfeiture: and if virtue or g
titude should prove too strong for temptation,
a young man persist in honesty, however insti
ed by his passions, what can secure him at
against a false accusation? I for my part alw
shall suspect, that he who can by such meth
secure his property, will go one step farther to
crease it; nor can I think that man safely trus
with the means of mischief, who, by his desire
have them in his hands, gives an evident proof h
much less he values his neighbour's happiness t
his own.

Another of our companions is Lentulus, a n
whose dignity of birth was very ill supported by
fortune. As some of the first offices in the ki
dom were filled by his relations, he was early
vited to court, and encouraged by caresses
promises to attendance and solicitation: a c
stant appearance in splendid company necessa
required magnificence of dress; and a frequ
participation of fashionable amusements for
him into expence: but these measures were req
site to his success; since every body knows, t
to be lost to sight is to be lost to remembrance,
that he who desires to fill a vacancy, must be
ways at hand, lest some man of greater vigila
should step in before him.

By this course of life his little fortune was ev
day made less: but he received so many disti
tions in public, and was known to resort so fa
liarly to the houses of the great, that every n
looked on his preferment as certain, and belie
that its value would compensate for its slowne
he, therefore, found no difficulty in obtaining c
dit for all that his rank or his vanity made nec

sary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay were adjusted solely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the ministry of another; so that all his prospects vanished at once, and those that had before encouraged his expences, began to perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who should first seize upon his person, and, by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the rest. In pursuance of this scheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arrested at the door; but Lentulus, instead of endeavouring secretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the rest, and offered to divide amongst them the remnant of his fortune: they feasted six hours at his expence, to deliberate on his proposal; and at last determined, that, as he could not offer more than five shillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in prison, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within these walls, on the same account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the use of fire and water with the compassionate and the just: who frequent the assemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with detestation and contempt of highwaymen or housebreakers: but, surely, that man must be confessedly robbed, who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him, who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his pistol and demands my purse, as on him who plunders under shelter of the law, and, by detain-

ing my son or my friend in prison, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to society than he, by whose machinations our virtues are turned to our disadvantage; he is less destructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compassion.

I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confess, that though not one of these, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that in the eye of all who can consider virtue as distinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at least, is outweighed by the merit; and that of the third is so much extenuated by the circumstances of his life, as not to deserve a perpetual prison: yet must these, with multitudes equally blameless, languish in confinement, till malevolence shall relent, or the law be changed.

T

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
MISARGYRUS.

N° 63. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1753.

Pereant, qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!
DONATUS, apud JEROM.

Perish thoſe! who have ſaid our good things before us.

THE number of original writers, of writers who discover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expression, is found to be extremely small in *every branch* of literature. Few poſſeſs ability or

courage to think for themselves, to trust to their own powers, to rely on their own stock; and, therefore, the generality creep tamely and cautiously in the track of their predecessors. The quintessence of the largest libraries might be reduced to the compass of a few volumes, if all useless repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this process of critical chemistry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatise, περι των απαξ ειρημενων, 'concerning things that had been said but once,' which certainly would have been contained in a very small pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry, which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality arises frequently, not from a barrenness and timidity of genius, but from invincible necessity and the nature of things. The works of those who profess an art whose essence is imitation, must needs be stamped with a close resemblance to each other; since the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the observation of all, and are perfectly similar. Descriptions, therefore, that are faithful and just, must be uniform and alike: the first copier may be, perhaps, entitled to the praise of priority; but a succeeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiarism.

I am inclined to think, that notwithstanding the manifold alterations diffused in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements in philosophy and mathematics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important discovery of both the Indies, and above all by the total change of religion; yet an epic or dramatic writer, though surrounded with such a

multitude of novelties, would find it difficult
possible to be totally original, and essentiall
ferent from Homer and Sophocles. The
that excite and the operations that exempli
greater passions, will always have an exact c
dence, though perhaps a little diversified by cl
or custom: every exasperated hero must
like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mour
Andromache: an abandoned Armida will ma
of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly r
ble a Grecian, when placed almost in the sam
ation; that is, the Iöas of Racine in his incomp
Athalia, will be very like the Iön of Euripides

Boileau observes, that a new and extraor
thought is by no means a thought which no
ever conceived before, or could possibly con
on the contrary, it is such a thought as must
occurred to every man in the like case, and
been one of the first in any person's mind up
same occasion: and it is a maxim of Pope
whatever is very good sense must have been
mon sense at all times.

But if from the foregoing reflections it ma
pear difficult to distinguish imitation and
arism from necessary resemblance and unavoi
analogy, yet the following passages of Pope, v
because they have never been taken notice o
possibly entertain curious and critical readers,
evidently to be borrowed, though they ar
proved.

The dying Christian addresses his soul
fine spirit of poetical enthusiasm.

> Vital spark of heavenly flame!
> Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
> Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
> O! the pain, the bliss of dying!———
> Hark; they whisper———Angels say,
> Sister Spirit, come away!

urprised to find this animated passage closely from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the f Charles the second:

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying!——
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away! FLATMAN.

genius and Charron furnished him with the lowing thoughts in the Essay on Man:

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law;
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape. POPE.

Utque movet nobis imitatrix simia risum,
Sic nos cælicolis, quoties cervice superbâ
Ventosi gradimur ——

again.

Simia cælicolûm, risusque jocusque deorum est
Tunc homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, & audet
Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque divûm.
PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims 'see all things for my use!'
See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose. POPE.

ruples not to say, that he enjoyeth the heavens and the ; as if all had been made, and still move only for him. In a gosling may say as much, and perhaps with more truth ess.' CHARRON.

he hath borrowed not only sentiments but xpressions from Wollaston and Pascal can-doubted, if we consider two more passages:

en the loose mountain trembles from on high,
ll gravitation cease if you go by?
ome old temple nodding to its fall,
Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? POPE.

'If a good man be passing by an infirm building, just in of falling; can it be expected that God should suspend gravitation till he is gone by, in order to his deliverance WOLL.

Chaos of thought and passion all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd,
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

'What a chimera then is man! what a confused cha subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all things, worm of the earth! the great depositary and guardian of tru mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the scandal of th PA

The witty allusion to the punishment of in the Epistle on Riches.

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides;

is plainly taken from, 'The causes of the Christian piety,' where that excellent and n writer says, 'It has always been held the ' treatment of slaves and malefactors,' dam metalla, 'to force them to dig in the min this is the covetous man's lot, 'from whi never to expect a release.' Cowley has a the same allusion. The celebrated reflect which Chartres's epitaph, in the same epis cludes, is the property of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

is a tender and elegant image of filial pi which Pope is indebted to Montagne, who in one of his essays, to find a son-in-law t 'kindly cherish his old age, and rock it And the character of Helluo the glutton, int

to exemplify the force and continuance of the ruling passion, who in the agonies of death exclaimed,

——Then bring the Jowl!

is taken from that tale in Fontaine, which ends,

——Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m' apporte tout à l'heure
Le reste de mon poisson.

The conclusion of the epitaph on Gay, where he observes that his honour consists not in being entombed among kings and heroes,

But that the worthy and the good may say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

is adopted from an old Latin elegy on the death of Prince Henry.

In several parts of his writings, Pope seems to have formed himself on the model of Boileau; as might appear from a large deduction of particular passages, almost literally translated from that nervous and sensible satirist.

——Happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe. POPE.

——D'une voix legere
Passer du grave au doux, du plaisant au severe!
BOILEAU.

Pride, madness, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaus. POPE.

L'ignorance, & l'erreur a ses naissantes pieces,
En habits de marquis, en robbes de comtesses,
Venoient pour diffamer son chef d'œuvre nouveau.
BOILEAU.

While I am transcribing these similari
great uneasiness, lest I should be accused
and impotently endeavouring to cast clo
the reputation of this exalted and truly
genius, ' whose memory,' to use an expr
Ben Jonson, ' I do honour, on this side ido
much as any;' and lest the reader should be
and disgusted with a cluster of quotations:
pens however, ortunately, that each passage
produced, contains some important moral tr
conveys some pleasing image to the mind.

Critics seem agreed in giving greater latit
the imitation of the ancients than of later w
To enrich a composition with the sentiment
images of Greece and Rome, is ever esteemed
only lawful, but meritorious. We adorn our
ings with their ideas, with as little scruple as
houses with their statues. And Poussin is not
cused of plagiarism, for having painted Agrip
covering her face with both her hands at the d
of Germanicus; though Timanthes had represe
Agamemnon closely veiled at the sacrifice of
daughter, judiciously leaving the spectator to g
at a sorrow inexpressible, and that mocked
power of the pencil.

N° 64. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1753.

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit;
Tempore crevit amor. OVID.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love. EUSDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of last Tuesday se'nnight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to send you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whose distress my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illustrate your allegory, but contribute to recover Opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a

very considerable fortune in trade, retired u
ried into the country: he knew that the pa
estate was greatly reduced: and, therefore,
the expence of his nephew's education upon
self: after some years had been spent at
minster school, he sent him to the universit
supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was rema
warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of
ture, and insensibly acquired a strong attac
to a college life. His apartment adjoined to
and our acquaintance was soon improved
friendship. I found in him great ardour of
volence, and a sense of generosity and h
which I had conceived to exist only in ron
With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as
sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate gener
jections; and, as he had great penetration a
gacity, was superior to prejudice, and habitua
no vice which he wished to countenance by i
lity, he began to believe as soon as he had be
inquire: the evidence for Revelation at leng
peared incontestible; and without busying h
with the cavils of subtilty against particular
trines, he determined to adhere inviolably t
precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the
mises as the foundation of hope. The same a
and firmness, the same generosity and honour,
now exercised with more exalted views, and u
more perfect plan. He considered me as hi
ceptor, and I considered him as my example
friendship increased every day; and I belie
had conceived a design to follow me into o
But when he had continued at college abou
years, he received a command from his fat
come immediately to town: for that his e
desire to place him in the army was now a

plished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of disingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, *and there* was a rough simplicity in his man-

ner which many circumstances of his life had
tributed to produce. His father left him a for
of two hundred thousand pounds; but as the
simony which enabled him to amass it, extend
the education of his son by whom it was to be
sessed, he had been taught neither politenes
literature. He married a lady, whose influ
would have polished the rough diamond by deg
but she died within the first year of her mar
leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her
Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, t
fore, continued to live in great privacy; and
used to have only servants and dependants
him, he indulged the peculiarities of his hu
without that complaisance which becomes i
sibly habitual to those, who mix in the compa
persons whom it is their apparent interest to p
and whose presence is a perpetual restraint
such irregular starts of temper as would incur
tempt, by arrogating a superiority which
would acknowledge. To this disposition his d
ter accommodated herself as she grew up,
motives both of affection and duty: as he
and regretted the defect of his own educatio
spared no cost to complete her's; and she is i
the most accomplished character I ever knew
obedience is cheerful and implicit, her affe
tender and without parade: her looks expre
utmost sweetness and sensibility, and yet
is a dignity in her manner which command
spect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugeni
Agrestis produced a tender friendship betwee
sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy
increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenia
not be long familiarly known to each other,

but exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, she was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater, and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret; but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent: but the pleasure of those

interviews was become yet more tumultuous a
confused; and the lovers were both conscious, th
their sentiments were every moment involuntar
discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who w
not less distinguished by their merit than their ra
because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with
fortune; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct
which this hope was disappointed, because he wo
not degrade Amelia by an alliance with depende
and poverty. The objections of duty might,
deed, have been removed by obtaining the cons
of Agrestis, but those of honour would still h
remained; he was not, however, absolutely with
hope; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune
obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly
commended himself to his commanding officer, v
was of the highest rank, he believed it possible t
he might be advanced to a post in the army, wh
would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and rem
all his difficulties at once.

Agestris wondered at the conduct of his daugh
but neither asked nor suspected her motives:
he had always declared, that as he believed
would never marry against his consent, he wo
never urge her to marry against her own inclinati

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline ev
offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every d
without the least intimation of his love, till the
ginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister
the small-pox. His interviews with Amelia w
now less frequent, and, therefore, more interesti
he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sig
the assiduities of some fortunate rival might
length exclude him from her remembrance: he
not, however, faulter in his resolution, nor
Amelia change her conduct.

N° 65. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1753.

Et furiis agitatus amor.——— VIRG.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

happened that about this time she was addressed Ventosus, the eldest son of a noble family; who, ides a large estate, had great expectations from father's influence at court. Ventosus, though was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was narkable for personal accomplishments, was yet eived with great coldness by Amelia: he was sur-sed, mortified, and disappointed; yet he conti-ed his visits, and was very diligent to discover at had prevented his success. One evening, just he was about to take his leave, after much in-ectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unex-ctedly entered the room. Ventosus instantly re-rked the embarrassment both of his mistress and stranger, whom he, therefore, supposed to be a al, and no longer wondered at his own disap-intment: these suspicions were every moment nfirmed and increased: for his presence produced otions which could neither be concealed nor mis-en; though by a less penetrating eye than that jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indigna-n; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom desired to speak a few words in private. Agres-

tis turned back into another apartment, a
tosus told him with some warmth, that he
expect to have found his daughter pre-e
and that he could not help thinking him
treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, r
him to explain his meaning; and after so
had been spent in eager altercation, they p
better temper; Agrestis persuaded that a
tine love had been carried on between his d
and Eugenio, and Ventosus convinced that
had never encouraged the pretensions of his

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and
urged her with many questions, which sh
only answer with blushes and tears: her
and confusion convinced him that Ventos
not mistaken; and, therefore, desisting fr
quiry, he severely reprehended her for the p
enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio
to whom he also signified his displeasure,
quested that to prevent farther uneasiness h
come no more to his house till Amelia sh
married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost h
before, was yet greatly afflicted by this m
because he feared that Amelia had fallen un
father's displeasure, and that now he was
jealous of his authority he might be tem
abuse it. As to secure her peace was the p
object of his wish, he concealed what had ha
from his father, lest a quarrel should be pr
between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia
cacy and tenderness would be yet more
wounded. When a visit was intended to A
he always took care to have some engagem
another place: Agrestis, however, as he
conception of the principles upon which E
acted, did not doubt but that he had commu

the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose: and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventosus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventosus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventosus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the

accidental interview at which he was pres
was willing to believe, that his rival, howe
temptible, had been too successful to be
ed with honour by a husband: this, howe
did not believe, he was very diligent to p
and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hi
for this reason he had abruptly discont
addresses, and congratulated himself
escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago,
as he was walking in the Mall, with a you
of distinction, met Amelia in company wit
ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit t
Amelia with a supercilious respect, wl
greatly the air of an insult: of this co
Amelia, though she looked him in the f
no notice: by this calm disdain he was at
appointed and confounded; he was stu
effort of his own malignity, and his breas
with passion which he could not vent. In
tation of mind he hastily turned back, a
mined, for whatever reason, to follow he
he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw
coming forward, who, the moment he p
Amelia, turned into another walk. This
served by Ventosus, whose contempt and
tion had now another object, upon wh
might without violence to the laws of ho
gratified: he communicated his purpose to
panion, and hastily followed Eugenio. W
had overtaken him, they burst into a hor
and pushed so rudely by him, that he coul
recover his step: they did not, however,
but stopping suddenly, turned about as if
logize for the accident, and affected great
at discovering to whom it had happened
tosus bowed very low, and with much conte

ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, 'That he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect.' Ventosus replied, 'That whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted.' Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventosus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventosus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

'Sir,

'Your behaviour last night has convinced me that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am intrusted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be staked against yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety; but remember that to prevent assassina-

tion I have a sword, and to chastise insolen
cane.'

With this letter, the captain returned to
tosus, who read it with all the extravagancie
rage and disdain: the captain, however, en
voured to soothe and encourage him; he re
sented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, w
he ought no otherwise to punish than by remo
him from the rank into which he had intru
and this, he said, would be very easily accomp
ed. Ventosus at length acquiesced in the s
ments of his friend; and it was soon industrio
reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of
rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a ge
man which he had condescended to ask. Fo
accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not b
gally punished, because it was made his duty
soldier by the articles of war; but it drew
him the contempt of his superior officers, and
them very solicitous to find some pretence to
miss him. The friends of Ventosus immedi
intimated, that the act of violence to which
genio had been provoked, was committed w
the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a
ficient cause to break him; as for that offenc
was liable to be punished with the loss of his h
by a law which though disused was still in f
This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eug
was accordingly deprived of his commission.

N° 66. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1753.

Nolo virum, facili redimit qui sanguine famam;
Hunc volo, laudari, qui sine morte potest.

MART.

Not him I prize who poorly gains
From death the palm which blood distains;
But him who wins with nobler strife
An unpolluted wreath from life.

He had concealed his quarrel with Ventosus from his father, who was then at the family-seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he had heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths

and execrations in a voice that was scarce h
declared his son to be unworthy of his nam
solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same da
it was late before he arrived; the servant that
ed the door told him with tears in his eyes, t
father was gone to bed much disordered, an
commanded that he should no more be ad
into that house. He stood motionless a fe
ments; and then departing without reply, ca
rectly to me; his looks were wild, his count
pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the m
he saw me, he threw himself into a chai
putting a copy of his answer to Ventosus's
lenge into my hand, anticipated my inqui
relating all that had happened.

After having administered such consolat
I could, I prevailed upon him with much di
to go to bed. I sate up the rest of the nig
vising various arguments to convince Orgili
his son had added new dignity to his cha
In the morning I went to his house; and afte
solicitation was admitted to his chamber. I
him in bed, where he had lain awake all the
and it was easy to see that his mind was i
agitation. I hoped that this tumult was pr
by the struggles of parental tenderness; b
moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an
of rage that rendered him speechless; and
away, convinced that the eloquence of an
upon the same subject would have been v
effect I did not, however, relate these disc
ing circumstances to Eugenio: I told him
would be proper to wait a few days befo
farther application was made; not only beca
father's resentment would probably subsi
because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, inquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he some times hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sate fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broken his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprised, and I thought somewhat confounded to see

me; he suffered me, however, to lead him
but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would tr
me a few nights longer for a lodging, and i
mean time think of some means by which he
obtain a subsistence; he was, indeed, totally
tute, without money and without a profession
he made no complaint, and obstinately refus
pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having con
his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring
money, he engaged as a common sailor in a p
undertaking to discover the north-west passa
India.

When he communicated this desperate
prize, he appeared perfectly composed: 'My
friend,' said he, 'it has been always my po
honour to obey the commands of GOD, the
author of my being and the ultimate object
hope, at whatever risque; and I do not repen
I have steadily adhered to this principle at th
pence of all that is valuable upon earth: I hav
fered the loss of fortune, of love and of fame;
have preserved my integrity, and I know that I
not lose my reward. To these I would, in
add the esteem, though not the love of An
She will hear of me as degraded and disinheri
coward, a vagabond, and a fugitive; and her es
I think, I have sufficient reason to give up:
will wound her deeper than contempt; it is, t
fore, best that she should despise me. Son
those, by whom she is addressed, deserve her;
I ought not to withhold a felicity which I cannc
joy. I shall embark to-morrow; and your fri
embrace is all the good that I expect to re
from this country, when I depart in search of o
which are unknown.'

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted, wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hasted into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge; but none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is just, when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may, by the perusal of these papers, suffer the most tender, and therefore the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, Sir,
Your humble Servant,
BENEVOLUS.

N° 67. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 175

Inventas——vitam excoluere per artes.

They polish life by useful arts.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has be observed. The effect of all external objec ever great or splendid, ceases with their the courtier stands without emotion in th presence; the rustic tramples under his beauties of the spring with little attention colours or their fragrance; and the inhabita coast darts his eye upon the immense diff waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have past much of their live great city, look upon its opulence and its mu its extent and variety, with cold indifferen an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the is immediately distinguished by a kind of di curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his a amongst a thousand objects, and a wild c of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new-comer is gener struck by the multiplicity of cries that stu the streets, and the variety of merchandise nufactures which the shopkeepers expose hand; and he is apt by unwary bursts of tion, to excite the merriment and contempt who mistake the use of their eyes for effects understanding, and confound accidental kn *with* just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations, among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London, are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandise piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature, which are every where attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers, 'how many things are here,' says he, 'that I do not want!' The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates: he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which, therefore, he is apt to consider as of no value; and, indeed many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wanton-

nesss, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture; the world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he that is resolutely busy, can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity, by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those, whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society that links together the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or

mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burthensome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness, of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him than can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied; idleness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known *only* by experience of its contrary: we

who have long lived amidst the convenien
town immensely populous, have scarce an i
place where desire cannot be gratified by
In order to have a just sense of this artificia
it is necessary to have passed some time in a
colony, or those parts of our island which a
inhabited: he that has once known ho
trades every man in such situations is comp
exercise, with how much labour the produc
ture must be accommodated to human u
long the loss or defect of any common uten
be endured, or by what aukward expedients
be supplied, how far men may wander with
in their hands before any can sell them wh
wish to buy, will know how to rate at its
value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still
imperfect, as wants in this place are easily s
new wants likewise are easily created: eve
in surveying the shops of London, sees num
instruments and conveniences, of which, w
did not know them, he never felt the need; a
when use has made them familiar, wonders h
could be supported without them. Thus it
to pass, that our desires always increase w
possessions; the knowledge that something r
yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of th
before us.

They who have been accustomed to the
ments of science, and multiplications of contr
soon lose their confidence in the unassisted
of nature, forget the paucity of our real nece
and overlook the easy methods by which the
be supplied. It were a speculation worth
philosophical mind, to examine how much is
away from our native abilities, as well as ad
them, by artificial expedients. We are so

tomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity, which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life: sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose laborious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shews how much individuals may perform, shews likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to

satisfy his hunger: and when he lies down to rest after a successful chace, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him; but hunger, wounds and weariness are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures; and when a tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the forgoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life: man may, indeed, preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society; the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and clothing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a large community performing only his share of the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.

T

№ 68. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1753.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas. OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain muſt pay.

It has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages, which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other: for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them that win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence, in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expence of those who lose. But as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent

those whom we desire to excel; so in play, th chance of loss and gain ought to be always equa at least, each party should be apprised of the for employed against him; and if then he plays again odds, no man has a right to inquire his motiv though a good man would decline to engage him

There is, however, one species of diversion whi has not been generally condemned, though it produced by an attack upon those who have n voluntarily entered the lists; who find themselv buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of d fence nor possibility of advantage.

These feats are achieved by the knights-erra of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: und this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruel have been practised, without incurring the infan or raising the indignation which they deserve; a it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain c terion, by which frolics may be distinguished i criminal and innocent. If we could discern effe while they are involved in their causes, and asc tain every remote consequence of our own actio perhaps these sallies might be allowed under same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms ridiculous distress into which others are betra to make us sport, should be such only as will subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when t are past, and remembered neither with resentm nor regret: but as every action may produce effe over which human power has no influence, which human sagacity cannot foresee: we sho not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor str at others though with a reed, lest like the rod Moses it become a serpent in our hands.

During the hard frost in the year 1740, f young gentlemen of considerable rank, rode i an inn, near one of the principal avenues to

city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the surprise. They perceived with great satisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good-will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity, and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage-coach, the passengers of which they intended to humbug, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held
sultation with his wife what was to be done.
advised him immediately to send for the co
with proper assistants, and secure them:
considered, that as this would probably pre
robbery, it would deprive him of an opportu
gain a very considerable sum, which he wou
come entitled to upon their conviction if he
apprehend them after the fact; he, therefor
prudently called up four or five of the ostle
belonged to the yard, and having communica
suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist
his command as an escort to the coach,
watch the motions of the highwaymen as he
direct. But mine host also wisely consi
that this expedition would be attended with
expence, and that the profit which he hope
contingent, acquainted the passengers with
danger, and proposed that a guard should be
by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to
upon a sight of the robbers through the wi
they readily agreed. Spiggot was now s
against pecuniary loss at all events, and abou
o'clock the knights of the frolic with infinite
faction beheld five passengers, among whom
was but one gentleman, step into the coach
the aspect of criminals going to execution; a
joyed the significant signs which passed be
them and the landlord, concerning the preca
taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the sup
highwaymen paid their reckoning in great
and called for their horses: care had already
taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spi
desire that the adventurers should go far
they executed their purpose; and as soon a
departed he prepared to follow them wit

posse. He was, indeed, greatly surprised to see, that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn-yard; but he supposed they might chuse to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till, to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot, of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards: every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, 'Deliver your money.'

Thus far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their solicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had about two miles out of town, it was overtaken b horseman who rode very hard, and called out w great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incide among persons who had suffered perpetual app hension and alarm from the moment they set o produced a proportionate effect. The wife of gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down fr her seat; and he was so much convinced of his d ger, so touched at her distress, and so incen against the ruffian who had produced it, that wi out uttering a word he drew a pistol from pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coa man, who had now stopped his horses, he shot h dead upon the spot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the v tim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant plac the stage; and having by some accident been del ed till it was set out, had followed it in a hack coach, and sent him before her to detain it till came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are s prised that we did not sooner reflect, that the co pany had sufficient cause for their fear and th precaution, and that the frolic was nothing m than a lie, which it would have been folly not to lieve, and presumption to disregard.

The next day, while the Bucks were entertain a polite circle at White's with an account of farce they had played the night before, news arri of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion cove every countenance; and they remained some ti silent, looking upon each other, mutually accus reproached and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a g

ıan, who, though sometimes seen in that as-
ıbly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wis-
ɔ. ‘A man,’ said he, ‘who found himself be-
lered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the
was going down, would think himself happy, if
lue should be put into his hand by which he
ht be led out in safety: he would not, surely,
: it for a moment, because it might possibly be
›vered; and, if he did, would be in perpetual
ger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and
bringing a common calamity upon both. In
maze of life we are often bewildered, and dark-
ı and danger surround us: but every one may
ɛast secure conscience against the power of ac-
nt, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by
:h we are enjoined to abstain even from the Ap-
ances of Evil.’

N° 69. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1753.

Ferè libenter homines id quod volunt credunt. CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

ʌLY has long ago observed, that no man, how-
· weakened by long life, is so conscious of his
decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet
l his station in the world for another year.
f the truth of this remark every day furnishes
confirmation: there is no time of life, in which
for the most part seem less to expect the stroke

of death, than when every other eye sees it impending; or are more busy in providing for another year than when it is plain to all but themselves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that passes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulness of such expectations, since every man who is borne to the grave thought himself equally certain of living at least to the next year; the survivor still continues to flatter himself, and is never at a loss for some reason why his life should be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with some other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practised in the universal conspiracy of mankind against themselves; every age and every condition indulges some darling fallacy; every man amuses himself with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he resolves to pursue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently desires he very readily believes that he shall some time attain: he whose intemperance has overwhelmed him with diseases, while he languishes in the spring, expects vigour and recovery from the summer sun; and while he melts away in the summer, transfers his hopes to the frosts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleasure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himself that the time of distress will soon be at an end; and that every day brings him nearer to a state of happiness; though he knows it has passed not only without acquisition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of schemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of prospects which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all slumber out our time: every man thinks the day com-

ing, in which he shall be gratified with all his wishes, in which he shall leave all those competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himself in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the servile in which they shall be powerful, to the obscure in which they shall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they shall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with so little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this representation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him consider what were his hopes and prospects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happiness: those years are now elapsed; have they made good the promise that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, every man that recollects his hopes must confess his disappointment; and own that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is still at the same distance from the point of happiness.

With what consolations can those, who have thus miscarried in their chief design, elude the memory of their ill success? with what amusements can they pacify their discontent, after the loss of so large a portion of life? they can give themselves up again to the same delusions, they can form new schemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again resolve to trust the promise which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes shut, and persuade themselves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon causes out of our power, and part must be effected by vigour and perseverance. With re-

man industry and skill are more easil
calculation; whatever can be comple
is divisible into parts, of which each
formed in the compass of a day; he, t
has passed the day without attention t
signed him, may be certain that the
has brought him no nearer to his obje
ever idleness may expect from time, its
be only in proportion to the diligenc
it has been used. He that floats lazi
stream, in pursuit of something borne
same current, will find himself indee
ward; but unless he lays his hand to
increases his speed by his own labour,
ways at the same distance from that
following.

There have happened in ever
gencies of unexpected and u
which those who are determ
favours their inclinations

be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of those who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of those who have failed of their expectations, and he will easily determine with what justness he has registered himself in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on these occasions for deep inquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far easier method of distinguishing the hopes of folly from those of reason, of finding the difference between prospects that exist before the eyes, and those that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowsy had accustomed himself to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its success; it was at last matured by close consideration, all the measures were accurately adjusted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become master of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was resolved to recompence this small assistance with an ample fortune: he, therefore, deliberated for a time, to whom amongst his friends he should declare his necessities; not that he suspected a refusal, but because he could not suddenly determine which of them would make the best use of riches, and was, therefore, most worthy of his favour. At last his choice was settled; and knowing that in order to borrow he must shew the probability of repayment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he soon discovered the impossibility of imposing upon others the notions by which he had so long imposed upon himself; which way soever he turned his thoughts, impossibility and absurdity arose in opposition on every side; even credulity and prejudice were at last forced to give way, and

he grew ashamed of crediting himself what shame would not suffer him to communicate to another.

To this test let every man bring his imaginations before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in secret over future happiness, and silently to employ our meditations upon schemes of which we are conscious that the bare mention would expose us to derision and contempt; we should then remember, that we are cheating ourselves by voluntary delusions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, those hours in which solid advantages might be attained by sober thought and rational assiduity.

There is, indeed, so little certainty in human affairs that the most cautious and severe examiner may be allowed to indulge some hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; since after his utmost endeavours to ascertain events, he must often leave the issue in the hands of chance. And so scanty is our present allowance of happiness, that in many situations life could scarcely be supported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the present hour by pleasures borrowed from futurity; and re-animate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to distant regions of felicity which yet no resolution or perseverance shall ever reach.

But these, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a small quantity, intoxicate in a greater; these pleasures, like the rest, are lawful only in certain circumstances, and to certain degrees; they may be useful in a due subserviency to nobler purposes, but become dangerous and destructive, when once they gain the ascendant in the heart: to soothe the mind to tranquillity by hope,

even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be sometimes useful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and despicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the state of the minds to which they are incident; to indulge hope beyond the warrant of reason, is the failure alike of mean and elevated understandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities is apt to place too much confidence in himself, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than spirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wish he sees obstacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his mistaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he misses his end, he nevertheless obtains some collateral good, and performs something useful to mankind and honourable to himself.

The drone of timidity presumes likewise to hope, but without ground and without consequences; the bliss with which he solaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and sits in expectation of some revolution in the state that shall raise him to greatness, or some golden shower that shall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in musing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is rouzed from his dream only to discover that the time of action is past, and that he can now shew his wisdom only by repentance.

T

N° 70. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1753.

VIRTUS, *repulsæ nescia sordidæ,*
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Stranger to folly and to fear,
With pure untainted honour bright,
Virtue disdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's sense of right.

MR. ADVENTURER,

I AM the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain-dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to do a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I catched her last Saturday was se'nnight almost drowned in tears with your paper

in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant, and putting on my spectacles began to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased; and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In short, I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds my-life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her: but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I inquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin, and told me with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. 'Emmy,' says I, 'the Captain was always in my opinion a worthy man; and when I had reason to believe you liked him, I did not resolve to part you because he was without a title or an estate, but because I could not be reconciled to his profession. I was determined you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knapsack; and if he had been a general officer, I would have preferred an honest citizen, who en-

courages trade and navigation, before him. sides, I was angry that you should hold a p correspondence, and think to carry your poin out me: but you were greatly misrepresent was the Captain: he has gallantly removed objections at once, he is not now in the arm has he ever attempted to subvert my authori is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as m He is still within reach, and you shall this m write to him with your own hand, and tell hin I say he shall be your husband. I have enough for ye both; and if I please, I can him a lord.' The poor child sat with her ha chief up to her eyes while I was speaking, an not immediately perceive, that, upon hearin Captain was not gone, she had fainted. We scarce keep life in her for above two hours; last she a little recovered her spirits, and br me the following billet:

TO EUGENIO.

SIR,

'My dear papa commands me to intreat, you would immediately come on shore, and this hour consider his house as your own. greatly affected with the story of your gene and distress, which he has just learnt by an dent which I cannot now communicate; and determined to make you his heir, without dice to,

'Sir,

Your humble servant,

AMELI.

When I had perused this epistle, 'Pshaw,' I, 'put affectionate at the end of it, or el *won't* come now.' This made her smile.

glad to see her look cheerful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my house; neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Your's heartily,
AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of

his paternal estate, he might still have bee
pected by Agrestis; and if he had continu
the army, however preferred, he would still
been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences co
discovered by human foresight, we should s
wisdom and the kindness of Divine Prescri
we should see, that the precepts which we ar
urged to neglect by our desire of happiness
given to prevent our being precipitated by
into misery; at least, it would appear, that i
immediate advantage is gained by the indiv
an equivalent loss is sustained by society;
society is only an aggregation of individua
who seeks his own advantage at the expence
ciety, cannot long be exempted from the g
calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human
that many private injuries are perpetrated of
they take no cognizance: but if these were al
to be punished by the individual against whom
are committed, every man would be judge and
cutioner in his own cause, and universal an
would immediately follow. The laws, ther
by which this practice is prohibited, ought
held more sacred than any other: and the
tion of them is so far from being necessary t
vent an imputation of cowardice, that they a
forced, even among those in whom coward
punished with death, by the following clause i
nineteenth Article of war:

'Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid
other for refusing a challenge; since, accordi
these our orders, they do but the Duty of Sol
who ought to subject themselves to discipline;
we do acquit and discharge all men who
quarrels offered, or challenges sent to them, c

disgrace or opinion of disadvantage in their obedience hereunto: and whoever shall upbraid them, or offend in this case, shall be punished as a Challenger."

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those, who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their Country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

N° 71. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

———*Hominem pagina nostra sapit.* MART.

We strive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occasions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, must be far more useful and interesting than the studied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balsac; as they contain just pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I shall select a few from the heap I have received from my correspondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumstances that pass the bounds of reality.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, Sombre-Hall, June 18.

I am arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated mansion. Would I could be annihilated during the insupportable tediousness of sum-

mer! We are to sup this evening,
fished the whole afternoon, by day-li
that, in the new arbour. My uncl
imagines he has a finer and richer p
thence, than the illuminated vistas
afford, only because he sees a parcel
meadows, and blue hills, and cornfiel
been visited by our only neighbour,
who entertained us with a dull history
dren she has educated at a little schoo
founding, and who values herself fo
been in town these ten years, and for
what a drum means. My sister and
scheme to plague her, for we have sen
entreating her to make one at Brag
For heaven's sake send us your paper
do not give us so many grave ones;
to be diverted after studying Hoyle,
for three hours every afternoon with
tion, that the time may not pass away
less, and that we may be a match for
next winter. Let us know what is
next Jubilee Masquerade. How shal
tience to support my absence from it!
dame de Pompadour comes over, as
when I left town, impart to us a min
of the complexion she now wears, and
ticle of her dress; any milliner will
terms to you. I don't see that you h
lished the little novel I sent you; I a
was written by a right honourable: but
pose, think the style colloquial as you
the moral trite or trifling. Colonel
daric ode on the EQ table, must abso
serted in your very next paper, or el
pect to hear again from

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I apply to you as a person of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myself out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an University education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my churchwardens, that the playhouse is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it, 'ex quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans texi comedia,'—on which subject a most elegant comedy might be composed; which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners.

What! cried they, would the parson put t
into verse? would he make stage-plays o
Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Assist
your advice. Am I for ever to bear unre
obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or m
regain the good opinion of my people, r
all hopes of the five hundred pounds I wa
by my piece, and generously burn my tr
my church-yard, in the face of my whole
gation?

Your's, &c.

JACOB THO

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I had almost finished a view of the i
St. Peter's at Rome in butterfly-work, v
cruel parroquet accidentally trod upon th
emperor, of which the high altar was to h
made. This is the first letter I have writt
my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you t
advertisement at the end of your next pap
fying, that whoever has any 'purple emp
swallow tails' to dispose of, may hear o
chaser at Lady Whim's in New Bond-stree

Yours,

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

If you will pay off my milk-score and
stop my taylor from arresting me, and pu
pieces in my pocket, I will immediately se
Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have t
into English the manscript of Longinus w
talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour

a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's in Wych-street, Drury-lane.

P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

You affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have, therefore, enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you will publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

'Love,' says this judicious prelate, 'is not only a passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in the blood and the animal spirits, which are extraordinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this disorder may easily be subdued by plentiful sweats and copious bleedings, which would carry off the peccant humours and these violent inflammations, would purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-establish it in its former natural state. This is not merely groundless conjecture, it is an opinion

founded on experience. A great prince, with w
I was intimately acquainted, having conceiv
violent passion for a young lady of exalted n
was obliged to leave her, and to take the field
the army. During this absence, his love was
rished and kept alive by a very frequent and
lar intercourse of letters to the end of the camp
when a dangerous sickness reduced him to e
mity. By applying to the most powerful and e
cious drugs physic could boast of, he recovere
health, but lost his passion, which the great evi
tions he had used had entirely carried off unk
to him. For imagining that he was as muc
love as ever, he found himself unexpectedly
and indifferent, the first time he beheld agai
lady of whom he had been so passionately
The like accident befel one of my most inti
friends, who recovering from a long and stub
fever by falling into copious sweats, perceive
the same time that he was cured of a passion,
for some time before had continually teized
grievously tormented him. He had no longer
taste for the object he formerly adored, attem
in vain to renew his gallantries, and found tha
sensibility and dislike had banished tenderness
respect.'

I am your's,
AKALO

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

In one of your late sermons I am informed
I never read myself, that you have presume
speak with ridicule and contempt of the noble o
of Bucks. Seven of us agreed last night at
King's Arms, that if you dared to be guilty o
like impudence a second time, we would com

hand upon my lips, I bowed myself with reverence before them. Rhedi saluted me by my name, and presented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myself to the ground. Having looked stedfastly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and blessed me: 'Heli,' said he, 'those who desire knowledge that they may teach virtue, shall not be disappointed: sit down, I will relate events which yet thou knowest but in part, and disclose secrets of Providence from which thou mayest derive instruction.' We sat down, and I listened as to the counsel of an Angel, or the music of Paradise.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the shepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had passed the desart arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: those which came first to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herself with her veil, which the servant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curiosity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the presence of others, struck him with the staff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himself with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately hasted to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the struggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confusion of offended modesty that glowed upon her cheek, the disdain that swelled her bosom, and the resentment that sparkled in her eyes, expressed a consciousness of her sex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nou-

raddin had never seen, and produced a tumult in his breast which he had never felt; for Nouraddin though he had now great possessions, was yet a youth, and a stranger to woman: the merchandise which he was transporting, had been purchased by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the sudden accession of independence and wealth did not dispose him to restrain the impetuosity of desire: he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents; his message was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a short time, carried her back to Egypt, having first punished the servant, by whom she had been insulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the solemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father should expire; and the gratification of a passion which he could not suppress, was without much difficulty suspended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happiness which he believed to be secured; and supposed that it would increase by expectation, like a treasure by usury, of which more is still possessed, as possession is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of sudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and she became susceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obscurity of her birth only because it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured incessantly to supply the defect: she received his instruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he spoke she gazed upon him with esteem and reverence, and had no wish but to return the happiness which he was impatient to bestow.

At this time Osmin the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The passions of Osmin, thou *knowest*, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared,

and fatal as the whirlwind of the desart: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpose of his mind; but his wish was still unsatisfied, and his life was wretched. His seraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhausted: he became outrageous to revive desire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only set over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever should produce the most beautiful virgin within two days, should stand in the presence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the servant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the sullen ferocity of his temper was increased by the desire of revenge, and the gloom of discontent was deepened by despair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aspect like lightning in the darkness of a storm; the offence which he had committed against Amana, enabled him to revenge the punishment which it produced. He knew that she was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, hastened to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midst of magnificence and servility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was sitting pale and silent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breast throbbing with apprehension.

When Caled was brought into his presence, he fell prostrate before him: 'By the smile of my Lord,' said he, 'let another be distinguished from the slaves who mingle in obscurity, and let his favour elevate another from the dust; but let my service be accepted, and let the desire of Osmin be

satisfied with beauty. Amana will shortly be espoused by Nouraddin; but of Amana the sovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haste, therefore, to demand her; she is now with him in the house, to which I will conduct the messenger of thy will.'

Nardic received this intelligence with transports of joy; a mandate was instantly written to Nouraddin; it was sealed with the royal signet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force sufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his person; his features were brightened with the gladness of his heart; he had invited his friends to the festival of his marriage, and the evening was to accomplish his wishes: the evening also was expected by Amana, with a joy which she did not labour to suppress; and she was hiding her blushes in the breast of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domestics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being instantly acquainted with the event, rushed out of the apartment of Amana with disorder and trepidation. When he saw Caled, he was moved with anger and disdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of insolence and triumph, presented the mandate. Nouraddin seeing the royal signet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the superscription, pressed it upon his forehead in an agony of suspense and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguish which he suffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he started, as if

e had felt the sting of a scorpion, and immediately ll to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commission with- ut remorse; he was not to be moved by swooning, xpostulation, entreaty, or tears; but having con- ucted Amana to the seraglio, presented her to lardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whose ish was flattered by her stature and her shape, fted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and so- citude: but the moment he beheld her face, his oubts were at an end: he prostrated himself be- ore her, as a person on whose pleasure his life ould from that moment depend. She was con- ucted to the chamber of the women, and Caled as the same hour invested with his new dignity; n apartment was assigned him in the palace, and e was made captain of the guard that kept the ates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his sensibility, nd found that Amana had been conducted to the eraglio, was seized by turns with distraction and tupidity: he passed the night in agitations, by hich the powers of nature were exhausted, and n the morning he locked himself into the cham- er of Amana, and threw himself on a sofa, de- ermined to admit no comforter, and to receive no ustenance.

N° 73. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1753.

——Numinibus vota exaudita malignis. JUV.

Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour.
DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to despair, Nardic's description of Amana had rouzed Osmin from his apathy. He commanded that she should be prepared to receive him, and soon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and satiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that she was in tears, and that his presence covered her with confusion; yet he believed that her terrors would be easily removed, that by kindness she might be soothed to familiarity, and by caresses excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, she threw herself at his feet, and entreated to be heard with an importunity which he chose rather to indulge than resist: he, therefore, raised her from the grouud, and supporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed, 'Let my Lord,' said she, 'dismiss a wretch who is not worthy of his presence, aud compassionate the distress which is not susceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a shepherd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of a slave, and to whom my soul is united by indissoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown

be upon me! Shall the sovereign of Egypt stoop to a reptile of the dust? shall the judge of nations retain the worthless theft of treachery and revenge? or shall he, for whom ten thousand languish with desire, rejoice in the sufferance of one alienated mind?' Osmin, whose breast had by turns been inflamed with desire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and listened to her voice, now suddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in suspence: but the passions which eloquence had repressed, soon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours she did not come prepared to gratify his wishes, he would cast the head of the slave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this message was delivered, and the women who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her distress, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could scarce hope to prevent, they were yet solicitous to delay; and, therefore, advised her to request three days of preparation, that she might sufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a just estimate of her own happiness; and with this request to send, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of sherbet, in which a pearl had been dissolved, and of which she had first drank herself.

To this advice, after some throes of desperation, she at length consented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this resolution was taken, Nouraddin suddenly started from a restless slumber; he was again stung by an instantaneous reflection upon his own misery; and indulged the discontent of his mind in this exclamation: 'If wisdom

and goodness do indeed preside over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppression, injustice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Osmin? O that now the justice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Osmin, and Osmin Nouraddin!' The moment he had uttered this wish, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length dissipated by a burst of thunder; and a being, whose appearance was more than human, stood before him. 'Nouraddin,' said the vision, 'I am of the region above thee; but my business is with the children of the earth. Thou hast wished to be Osmin, and as far as this wish is possible it shall be accomplished; thou shalt be enabled to assume his appearance, and to exercise his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Osmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he shall not interrupt thee.'

Nouraddin, who had been held motionless by astonishment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the presence of a friend; and was about to express his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a talisman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: 'As often as this bracelet,' said he, 'shall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou shalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Osmin, and from Osmin to Nouraddin.' The Genius then suddenly disappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the possession of Amana, instantly applied the stud of the bracelet to his breast, and the next moment found himself alone in an apartment of the seraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the issue of his message to Amana, became restless and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked back-

ward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length stood still, frowning and pensive, with his eyes fixed on the clear surface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this soliloquy: 'What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of woman has bestowed upon my slave. I can gratify revenge, but not desire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myself. Why have I not power to assume the form in which I might enjoy my wishes? I will at least enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I should be clasped with transport to the bosom of Amana.' He then resigned himself to the power of imagination, and was again silent; but the moment his wish was uttered, he became subject to the Genius who had just transported Nouraddin to his palace. This wish, therefore, was instantly fulfilled; and his eyes being still fixed upon the water, he perceived, with sudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal caresses of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increased by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he hasted instantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refused admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerness and precipitation, he was stopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult ensued, and Caled being hastily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of desperation, had scaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, instantly stabbed him with his poinard,

but at the same time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to support him in oppression, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be slain, reposed in security upon a sofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women had prepared the message and the bowl. They were now dispatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He understood by the message that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana should be brought into his presence.

In obedience to this command, she was conducted by her women to the door, but she entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a smile, the characters which grief, dread, and aversion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her disorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and springing forward, threw his arms about her in an extasy of tenderness and joy; which was still heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Osmin those embraces were suffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the talisman again to his breast, and having recovered his own form, would have rushed again into her arms; but she started from him in confusion and terror. He smiled at the effect of the prodigy; and sustaining her on his bosom, repeated some tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her message; and urged her immediately to escape, that they might *possess* all their desires in each other, and leave the

incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whose likeness he had been enabled to assume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her suspicion and doubts were removed; then suddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curses upon her head, till her voice faultered, and she burst into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable distress, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cause. 'In the bowl,' said she, 'which thou hast intercepted, there was death. I wished, when I took it from my lips, that the draught which remained might be poison: a powder was immediately shaken into it by an invisible hand, and a voice whispered me, that him who drank the potion it would inevitably destroy.'

Nouraddin, to whose heart the fatal malignity had now spread, perceived that his dissolution would be sudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he stretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was distorted by an ineffectual effort to speak; impenetrable darkness came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the talisman again smote his breast; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impressed upon the features of Osmin. Amana, who ran to support him, when she perceived the last transformation, rushed out of the apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was mistaken for that of Osmin, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; Amana was immediately suspected; and by the command of Shomar, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

'Such,' said the companion of Rhedi, 'was the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Osmin and Caled, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil: let the world consider it, and be wise. Be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge clothe thee with humility.'

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage, who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment: but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm chearfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. 'Hamet,' said he, 'the voice which thou hast heard, is the voice of Zachis the genius; by whose power the wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province of Zachis to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, and presume to direct the hand of Providence. Relate what thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power.'

Now, therefore, let Virtue suffer adversity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict, for by him who repines at the scale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

N° 74. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1753.

Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro. HOR.

I mist my end, and lost my way,
By crack-brain'd wisdom led astray.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

r has long been charged by one part of mankind pon the other, that they will not take advice; that ounsel and instruction are generally thrown away; ad that, in defiance both of admonition and exnple, all claim the right to choose their own easures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is something in advice very useful ad salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all ands: since even those that reject it, allow for the ost part that rejection to be wrong, but charge e fault upon the unskilful manner in which it is ven; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but hor the nauseousness of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to ntury: some have been advising others how to t, and some have been teaching the advisers how advise; yet very little alteration has been made the world. As we must all by the law of nature ter life in ignorance, we must all make our ay *through it by* the light of our own experience;

and, for any security that advice has been yet able to afford, must endeavour after success at the hazard of miscarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be understood to mean, the everlasting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumstances can justify any deviation; but such directions as respect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of essential duties.

It is, indeed, not so frequently to make us good as to make us wise, that our friends employ the officiousness of counsel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and sententious with so much acrimony, you will not so often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a husband, this likewise is the general subject of female advice: and the dreadful denunciation against those volatile girls, who will not listen patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wisdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themselves away upon some worthless fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and easy temper, without strong desires or quick resentments, was always a favourite amongst the elderly ladies, because I never rebelled against seniority, nor could be charged with thinking myself wise before my time; but heard every opinion with submissive silence, professed myself ready to learn from all who seemed inclined to teach me, paid the same grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controversy arose, was careful to side with her who presided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reason chiefly, as she herself declared, because I was not above hearing good counsel, but would sit from morning till night to be instructed, while my sister Sukey, who was a year younger than myself, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was so much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or instructed her, she would pout or titter, interrupt her with questions, or embarrass her with objections.

I had no design to supplant my sister by this complaisant attention; nor, when the consequence of my obsequiousness came to be known, did Sukey so much envy as despise me: I was, however, very well pleased with my success; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an easy rate, and resolved to continue the same passive attention, since I found myself so powerfully recommended by it to kindness and esteem.

The desire of advising has a very extensive prevalence; and since advice cannot be given but to those that will hear it, a patient listener is necessary to the accommodation of all those who desire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wisdom: a patient listener, however, is not always to be had; the present age, whatever age is present, is so vitiated and disordered that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counsel is only thrown away upon those who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this scarcity of good sense, a general *favourite;* and seldom saw a day in which

some sober matron did not invite me to her hous
or take me out in her chariot, for the sake of i
structing me how to keep my character in this ce
sorious age, how to conduct myself in the time
courtship, how to stipulate for a settlement, how
manage a husband of every character, regulate
family, and educate my children.

We are all naturally credulous in our own f
vour. Having been so often caressed and applau
ed for my docility, I was willing to believe mys
really enlightened by instruction, and complete
qualified for the task of life. I did not doubt b
I was entering the world with a mind furnish
against all exigencies, with expedients to extric
myself from every difficulty, and sagacity to pr
vide against every danger; I was, therefore, in ha
to give some specimen of my prudence, and to sh
that this liberality of instruction had not been id
lavished upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpose, for why should I deny it? was li
that of other women, to obtain a husband of ra
and fortune superior to my own; and in this I h
the concurrence of all those that had assumed t
province of directing me. That the woman w
undone who married below herself, was univ
sally agreed: and though some ventured to asse
that the richer man ought invariably to be pref
red, and that money was a sufficient compensati
for a defective ancestry; yet the majority declar
warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion th
upstarts should not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications I had an
reconcileable variety of instructions. I was som
times told, that deformity was no defect in a ma
and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue
an opinion of his person, was more likely to val
the tenderness of his wife: but a grave widow

rected me to chuse a man who might imagine himself agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always insupportably vigilant, and apt to sink into sullenness, or burst into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handsome shape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, against all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happiness could possibly be enjoyed: men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet discovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was considered as lost to all hope of dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurement; and if once he discovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, caresses, and protestations.

In pursuance of these sage principles, I proceeded to form my schemes; and while I was yet in the first bloom of youth, was taken out at an assembly by Mr. Frisk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes sparkled; for I observed the looks of all my superintendants fixed anxiously upon me; and I was next day cautioned against him from all hands, as a man of the most dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verses to one lady, and then forsaken her only because she could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his sister.

Having been hitherto accustomed to obey, I ventured to dismiss Mr. Frisk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addressed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was shortly to be lady: but Sturdy's conversation was so gross,

that after the third visit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by dismissing him, the censure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at last to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other class, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithstanding the advice constantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to discard some for vice, and some for rudeness. I was once loudly censured for refusing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthisic a year after; and was so baited with incessant importunities, that I should have given my hand to Drone the stock-jobber, had not the reduction of interest made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miscarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been prescribed me. Altilis, an old maid, infused into me so much haughtiness and reserve, that some of my lovers withdrew themselves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away, by the demands of settlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to ask advice is to lose opportunity.

I am, Sir,

T Your humble servant,

PERDITA.

N° 75. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1753.

——Quid virtus & quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssem. HOR.

To shew what pious wisdom's pow'r can do,
The poet sets Ulysses in our view. FRANCIS.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our instructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyssey of Homer. This absurd custom, which seems to arise from the supposed superiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make some reflections on the excellence of the latter; a task I am the more readily induced to undertake, as so little is performed in the dissertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's translation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confused, defective and dull. Those who receive all their opinions in criticism from custom and authority, and never dare to consult the decisions of reason and the voice of nature and truth, must not accuse me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyssey excels the Iliad in many respects; and that for several reasons young scholars should peruse it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extensivel
ful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by di
ing the dire effects of discord among rulers
rectify the conduct of princes, and may be
the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the pa
the prudence, the wisdom, the temperance a
titude of Ulysses, afford a pattern, the uti
which is not confined within the compass of
and palaces, but descends and diffuses its in
over common life and daily practice. If the
examples ought to be placed before us in
prone to imitation, if patriotism be prefera
implacability, if an eager desire to return t
country and family be more manly and nobl
an eager desire to be revenged of an enemy
should our eyes rather be fixed on Ulysse
Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too easily
vated with the fire and fury of a gallant g
are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and fi
to humanity. We do not behold the destro
peace and the murderers of mankind, with t
testation due to their crimes; because we
been inured almost from our infancy to listen
praises that have been wantonly lavished o
by the most exquisite poetry: 'The Muses'
ply the words of an antient Lyric, 'have con
and decorated the bloody sword with wrea
myrtle.' Let the Iliad be ever ranked at th
of human compositions, for its spirit and subl
but let not the milder, and, perhaps, more ins
ing and attractive beauties of the Odyssey b
pised and overlooked. In the one we are
amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ὡς δ' υπο λαιλαπι πασα κελαινη βεβριθε χθων
Ἤματ οπωρινῳ, οτε λαβροτατον χεει υδωρ
Ζευς, οτε δη ρ ανδρεσσι κοτεσσαμενος χαλεπηνη.

Iliad. X

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers;
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood-gates of the skies.

POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate, and calmly delightful:

————Ουτε ποτ' ομβρος,
Αλλ' αιει Ζεφυροιο λιγυπνειοντας αητας
Ωκεανος ανιησιν αναψυχειν ανθρωπους.

Odyss. IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca, Νοστον οδυρομενην, weeping nicessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea,

Ποντον ες ατρυγετον διερησσετο, δακρυα λειβων.

'While a goddess,' says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, 'by her power and her al-

lurements detains him from Ithaca, he is dyi
desire to see even so much as the smoke ari
his much-loved island:' tarda fluunt ingrataq
pora! While the luxurious Phæacians were
ing a delicious banquet, he attended not t
mirth and music, for the time approached v
was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared
for him to set sail in the very next morni
the thoughts of his approaching happiness
engrossed all his soul,

He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night—

——————Δη γαρ μινυαινε νεεσθαι.

To represent his impatience more strong
poet adds a most expressive simile, suited
simplicity of ancient times: 'The setting
sun,' says he, 'was as welcome and gra
Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured plowm
earnestly waits for its decline, that he may
to his supper, Δορπον επειχεσθαι, while his wea
are painful to him as he walks along.'

——————Βλαβεται δε τε γουνατ' ιοντι.

'Notwithstanding all the pleasures and
ments I received from Calypso, yet,' says o
'I perpetually bedewed with my tears the g
which this immortal beauty gave to me.'

——————Ειματα δ' αιει
Δακρυσι δευεσκον τα μοι εμβροτα δωκε Καλυψω.

We are presented in every page with fresh i
of this love of his country; and his whol
viour convinces us,

'Ως ουδεν γλυκιον ης πατριδος ουδε τοκηων.

This generous sentiment runs like a gold
throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry!

Nor is the Odyssey less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tendernesses,

——and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother—— MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprize, he eagerly inquires into the causes of her death, and adds, 'Doth my father yet live? does my son possess my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of some usurper who thinks I shall never return? Is my wife still constant to my bed? or hath some noble Grecian married her?'—These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that 'she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence, and sighs for his return.'

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements in his little garden, he informs him that he had seen his son in his travels, but now despairs of beholding him again. Upon this the sorrow of Laertes is inexpressible: Ulysses can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

I, I am he! O father rise! behold
Thy son!

And the discovery of himself to Telemachus, in the sixteenth book, in a speech of short and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of universal benevolence, of charity, and of hospitality, that unknown and unpractised virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphasis and elegance than in any ancient philosopher, and I wish I could not add than in any modern. Ulysses meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cherish the stranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown master, who asks for his charity. 'It is not lawful for me,' says the Διος Ὑφορβος, 'I dare not despise any stranger or indigent man, even if he were much meaner than thou appearest to be; for the poor and strangers are sent to us by Jupiter!' 'Keep,' says Epictetus, 'continually in thy memory, what Eumeus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses.' I am sensible, that many superficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that passes at the lodge of Eumeus, as coarse and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry: but let them attend to the following observation of the greatest genius of their nation: 'Since it is delightful,' says Fenelon, 'to see in one of Titian's landscapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a country feast and rustic dances; it is no wonder, that we are pleased with such natural descriptions as we find in the Odyssey. This simplicity of manners seems to recall the golden age. I am more pleased with honest Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra.' The moral precepts with which every page of the Odyssey is pregnant, are equally noble. *Plato*'s wish is here accomplished; for we behold

personally appearing to the sons of men, in
st awful and most alluring charms.
remaining reasons, why the Odyssey is equal,
uperior to the Iliad, and why it is a poem
eculiarly proper for the perusal of youth,
:cause the great variety of events and scenes
ains, interest and engage the attention more
ıe Iliad; because characters and images
from familiar life, are more useful to the ge-
r of readers, and are also more difficult to
vn: and because the conduct of this poem,
red as the most perfect of Epopees, is more
ınd judicious than that of the other. The
on of these beauties will make the subject
e ensuing paper.

' 76. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1753.

me, PARENS, *celsique dominator poli,*
cunque placuit; nulla parendi mora est;
um impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,
luque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.
SENECA ex CLEANTHE.

duct me, thou of beings cause divine,
ere'er I'm destin'd in thy great design!
ive, I follow on: for should my will
ist, I'm impious; but must follow still.
HARRIS.

DAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt securely
ny years in the silken pavilions of pleasure,
d *every morning* anointed his head with the

oil of gladness, when his only son Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treasuries with gold, extended his dominions with conquests, and secured them with impregnable fortresses, was suddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the distraction of grief and despair, refused to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomiest grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himself on the dust, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and dashed the cup of consolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He suffered not his minstrels to approach his presence; but listened to the screams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the solitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. 'Can that God be benevolent,' he cried, 'who thus wounds the soul as from an ambush, with unexpected sorrows, and crushes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the justice and the kindness of an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom ye pretend reigns in heaven, is so far from protecting the miserable sons of men, that he perpetually delights to blast the sweetest flowerets in the garden of Hope; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the strongest towers of Happiness with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being possessed the goodness and the power with which flattering priests have invested him, he would doubtless be inclined, and enabled to banish those evils which render the world a dungeon of distress, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer.'

At that moment he furiously raised his hand, which Despair had armed with a dagger, to strike deep into his bosom; when suddenly thick flashes of lightning shot through the cavern, and a being

of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arrested the arm of the trembling and astonished Caliph, and said with a majestic smile, 'Follow me to the top of this mountain.'

'Look from hence,' said the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the Angel of Peace; Look from hence into the valley.'

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a sultry, and solitary island, in the midst of which sat a pale, meagre, and ghastly figure: it was a merchant just perishing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a single spring in this forlorn uninhabited desert; and begging the protection of heaven against the tigers that would now certainly destroy him, since he had consumed the last fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then cast a casket of jewels on the sand, as trifles of no use; and crept, feeble and trembling; to an eminence, where he was accustomed to sit every evening to watch the setting sun, and to give a signal to any ship that might haply approach the island.

'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'suffer not this wretch to perish by the fury of wild beasts.' 'Peace,' said the Angel, 'and observe.'

He looked again, and behold a vessel arrived at the desolate isle. What words can paint the rapture of the starving merchant, when the captain offered to transport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his casket? No sooner had this pityless commander received the stipulated sum, than he held a consultation with his crew, and they agreed to seize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the same helpless and lamentable condition in which

they discovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

'Will Heaven permit such injustice to be practised?' exclaimed Bozaldab.—'Look again,' said the Angel, 'and behold the very ship in which, short-sighted as thou art, thou wishedst the merchant might embark, dashed in pieces on a rock: dost thou not hear the cries of the sinking sailors? Presume not to direct the Governor of the Universe in his disposal of events. The man whom thou hast pitied shall be taken from this dreary solitude, but not by the method thou wouldest prescribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became not only abominable, but wretched; he fancied some mighty charm in wealth, which, like the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wish and obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been taught not only to despise but abhor: he cast his jewels upon the sand, and confessed them to be useless; he offered part of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, good or evil, only by the situation and temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine eyes to another and more interesting scene.'

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajahs of fifty nations, and with ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions: on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

'Gracious Alla!—it is my son,' cried the Caliph.—'O let me hold him to my heart!' 'Thou canst *not* grasp an unsubstantial vision,' replied the An-

el: 'I am now shewing thee what would have een the destiny of thy son, had he continued nger on the earth.' 'And why,' returned Bozalab, 'was he not permitted to continue? Why was ot I suffered to be a witness of so much felicity nd power?' 'Consider the sequel,' replied he hat dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked rnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on hich he had been used to behold the placid smile f simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now istorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensiility of drunkenness: it was again animated with isdain, it became pale with apprehension, and apeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands ere stained with blood, and he trembled by turns ith fury and terror: the palace so lately shining ith oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell f a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on he cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his yes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite ultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

'Happy,' said Caloc, 'is he whom Providence has by the angel of death snatched from guilt! from whom that power is withheld, which, if he had possessed, would have accumulated upon himself yet greater misery than it could bring upon others.'

'It is enough,' cried Bozaldab; 'I adore the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience!—From what dreadful evil has my Son been rescued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as unfortunate and premature; a death of innocence and peace, which has blessed his memory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit to the skies!'

'Cast away the dagger,' replied the heavenly

messenger, ' which thou was preparing to
into thine own heart. Exchange compl
silence, and doubt for adoration. Can a
look down, without giddiness and stupefacti
the vass abyss of Eternal Wisdom? Can a m
sees not infinitely, perfectly comprehend a
among an infinity of objects mutually relati
the channels, which thou commandest to b
receive the annual inundations of the Nile,
the waters of the Ocean? Remember, that
happiness cannot be conferred on a creat
perfect happiness is an attribute as incomm
as perfect power and eternity.'

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, st
out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreu
the flutter of his wings was like the rushi
cataract.

Z

N° 77. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 175

——Peccare docentes
Fallax historias monet.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the troubl
about to give you, since I am sure the moti
induce me to give it, will have as much wei

as they have with me: I shall, therefore, with-
arther preface, relate to you the events of a life,
h, however insignificant and unentertaining,
rds a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson,
value of which I have experienced, and may,
refore, recommend.

. am the daughter of a gentleman of good family,
o, as he was a younger brother, purchased with
e portion that was allotted him, a genteel post
der the government. My mother died when I
as but twelve years old; and my father, who was
xcessively fond of me, determined to be himself
ıy preceptor, and to take care that my natural
enius, which his partiality made him think above
he common rank, should not want the improve-
ments of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that it was necessary his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward of virtue; but at the same time professed it his design to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and superstition, for so he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to choose virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no necessary connection with immortality, I was not led to consider a future state either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon that subject, always intimated that the doctrine of

immortality, whether true or false, ought
to influence my conduct or interrupt n
because the virtue which secured happi
present state, would also secure it in a
future state, therefore, I wholly disregar
to confess a truth, disbelieved: for I thoug
plainly discover that it was disbelieved by
though he had not thought fit explicitly
his sentiments. As I had no very turb
sions, a ductile and good disposition, and t
reverence for his understanding, as well a
derest affection for him, he found it an ea
make me adopt every sentiment and opin
he proposed to me as his own; especial
took care to support his principles by the
and arguments of the best writers agai
tianity. At the age of twenty I was calle
make use of all the philosophy I had bee
by his death; which not only deprived me
rent I most ardently loved, but with him
ease and affluence to which I had been acc
His income was only for life, and he had ra
beyond than within it; consequently, ther
thing left for me but the pride and helple
genteel life, a taste for every thing elega
delicacy and sensibility that has doubled al
ferings. In this distress a brother of my
who was grown rich in trade, received me
house, and declared he would take the sam
me as if I had been his own child. When
transports of my grief were abated, I foun
in an easy situation, and from the natural
ness of my temper, I was beginning once
taste of happiness. My uncle, who was
a narrow understanding and illiberal educa
a little disgusted with me for employing so
my time in reading; but still more so, wh

ng to examine my books, he found by the titles
: some of them were what he called blasphemy,
ı tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheist.
ndeavoured to explain my principles, which I
ught it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise
disavow; but as I never could make him con-
ive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist,
y arguments only served to confirm him in the
pinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own
hrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was
eally a good man, and heartily zealous for the
stablished faith, though more from habit and pre-
judice than reason, my errors gave him great afflic-
tion: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I
perceived too, that he looked upon me with a de-
gree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was
wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protec-
tion which I had flattered myself I should owe to
his love. I comforted myself, however, with my
own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in
suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly,
only because I was superior to vulgar errors and
popular superstition; and that Christianity deserved
these appellations, I was not more convinced by my
father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who,
as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by
no means qualified to 'adorn the doctrine which
he professed to believe.'

I had lived a few months under the painful sen
sibility of receiving continual benefits from a per
son whose esteem and affection I had lost, whe
my uncle one day came into my chamber, and aft
preparing me for some unexpected good fortu
told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage
me from a man to whom I could not possibly h
any objection. He then named a merchant, v
whom I had often been in company at his v

As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a
fortune and a fair character, my uncle the
himself sufficiently authorized to pronounce a
did, that I could not possibly have any objec
to him. An objection, however, I had, whic
told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, t
the person whom he proposed to me as the comp
nion, the guide and director of my whole life,
whom I was to vow not only obedience but lov
had nothing in him that could ever engage my a
fection: his understanding was low, his sentiments
mean and indelicate, and his manners unpolite and
unpleasing.——'What stuff is all this,' interrupted
my uncle, 'sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his
understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own!
Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and
arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence,
it would do you more good than all the fine books
you have confounded your poor head with, and
what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I
own, it went a little against my conscience to ac-
cept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him
such a pagan for his wife. But how know I whe-
ther the believing husband may not convert the un-
believing wife?——As to your flighty objections,
they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can sup-
pose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No,
child, wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a
man who has lived as many years in the world as I
have. I see your motive; you have some infidel
bertine rake in your eye, with whom you would
headlong to perdition. But I shall take care
t to have your soul to answer for as well as your
rson. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest
n that may convert you, or you shall dispose of
rself how you please for me; for I disclaim all
ier care or trouble about you: so I leave you.

Consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you chuse to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot Providence has cut out for you.'

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distresses of friendless poverty, and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have suffered extremely in accepting a husband, at least indifferent to me, yet as my heart was perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils, could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risks, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, as-

suring him at the same time of my everlasting g
titude and respect, and that nothing should ha
induced me to offend or disobey him, but his
quiring me to do what my reason and conscien
disapproved; that supposing the advantages
riches to be really as great as he believed, yet st
those of virtue were greater, and I could not resol
to purchase the one by a violation of the othe
that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that
would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to en
ter into so solemn an engagement without the powe
of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend
on my own will; and that no man should possess
my person, who could not obtain the first place in
my heart.

I was surprized that my uncle's impatience had
permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his
face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent.
At length the gathering storm burst over my head
in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were con-
demned as romantic absurdities, which I could not
myself believe; I was accused of designing to de-
ceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless
fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own.
It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such
design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my
uncle could sooner have believed the grossest con-
tradiction, than that a young woman could so stre-
nuously refuse one man without being prepossessed
in favour of another. As I thought myself injured
by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the at-
tempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Hea-
ven for the justice of his resentment, and against
my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me
a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep
me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his
house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign

obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curtsy left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: 'And what, in the devil's name, my dear cousin, could make a woman of your sense behave so like an idiot: What! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, because truly you were not in love? Surely, one might have expected better from you even at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the person of their choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title to please myself with a good fifteen hundred a year, than

you who have not a shilling, I found it w
do, and that there was something more to h
after in a wife than a pretty face or a geni
you think I cared three farthings for the
married? No, faith. But her thirty
pounds were worth having; with that I
chase a seraglio of beauties, and indulge
in every kind of pleasure. And pray wha
me, whether my wife has beauty, or wit,
gance, when her money will supply me with
in others? You, cousin, had an opportunity
as happy as I am: the men, believe me, w
like you a bit the worse for being married
contrary, you would find, that for one
notice of you as a single woman, twenty
your admirers and humble servants when t
no danger of being taken in. Thus you mi
gratified all your passions, made an elega
in life, and have chosen out some gentle
romantic and poetical as you pleased for
cisbee. The good John Trot husband wo
been easily managed, and——' Here my
tion could be detained no longer, and I w
ing the room in disdain, when he caught m
hand—' Nay, prithee, my dear cousin,
these violent airs. I thought you and I ha
one another better. Let the poor souls,
taught by the priests and their nurses to be
hell-fire, and to think they shall go to the
following nature and making life agreeabl
outrageously virtuous as they please: y
too much sense to be frighted at bugbe
know that the term of your existence is bu
and it is highly reasonable to make it as
as possible.'—I was too angry to attempt c
his arguments; but bursting from his hold,

ould take care not to give him a second opportunity of insulting my distress, and affronting my derstanding; and so left his house with a resolution never to enter it again.

Y

N° 78. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1753.

——Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas. JUV.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and disappointed. My spirits sunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to stir out of my lodging, or to see a human face. At length I resolved to try, whether indigence and friendship were really incompatible, and whether I should meet with the same treatment from a female friend, whose affection had been the principal pleasure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whose heart seems capable of every tender and generous sentiment, will do justice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderness will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praises and endearments will compensate all my hardships. Amanda was a single woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard she wa going to bestow on a young officer, who had littl or nothing besides his commission. I had no doul *of her approbation* of my refusing a mercen

match, since she herself had chosen from m
so opposite to those which are called prudent.
had been in the country some months, so th
misfortunes had not reached her ear till I
related them to her. She heard me with gre
tention, and answered me with politeness en
but with a coldness that chilled my very
'You are sensible, my dear Fidelia,' said she,
I never pretended to set my understanding in
petition with yours. I knew my own inferi
and though many of your notions and opinio
peared to me very strange and particular, I
attempted to dispute them with you. To be
you know best; but it seems to me a very od
duct for one in your situation to give offence
good an uncle; first by maintaining doctrines
may be very true for ought I know, but whi
very contrary to the received opinions w
brought up in, and therefore are apt to sh
common understanding; and secondly, to ren
his protection, and throw yourself into the
world, rather than marry the man he chose fo
to whom, after all, I do not find you had an
objection, nor any antipathy for his person.'—
tipathy, my dear!' said I; 'are there not man
grees between loving and honouring a man p
ably to all others, and beholding him with a
rence and aversion? The first is, in my opinio
duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upo
self, and engaged in under the most solemn
tract. As to the difficulties that may atten
friendless, unprovided state, since they are the
sequences of a virtuous action, they cannot
be evils, nor can they disturb that happiness
is the gift of virtue.' 'I am heartily glad,' an
ed she, 'that you have found the art of m
yourself happy by the force of imagination!

[redacted]our enthusiasm may continue; and that you may [redacted]ill be farther convinced, by your own experience, [redacted]f the folly of mankind, in supposing poverty and [redacted]isgrace to be evils.'

I was cut to the soul by the unkind manner which [redacted]ccompanied this sarcasm, and was going to re[redacted]monstrate against her unfriendly treatment, when [redacted]er lover came in with another gentleman, who in spite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the stings of unkindness. The beauty and gracefulness of his person caught my eye, and the politeness of his address and the elegance of his compliments soon prejudiced me in favour of his understanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his most intimate friend, and seemed desirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himself as agreeable as possible. He succeeded so well, that Amanda was wholly engrossed by the pleasure of his conversation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new guest; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I arose to leave her, she pressed me so earnestly to stay dinner, that I could not, without discovering how much I resented her behaviour, refuse. This, however, I should probably have done, as I was naturally disposed to shew every sentiment of my heart, had not a secret wish arose there to know a little more of this agreeable stranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my resentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The conversation grew more and more pleasing; I took my share in it, and had more than my share of the charming stranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreserved, Amanda dropt hints in the course of the conversation relating to my story, my sentiments, and unhappy situation. Sir George Free-

love, for that was the young gentleman's
listened greedily to all that was said of n
seemed to eye me with earnest curiosity as
admiration. We did not part till it was la
Sir George insisted on attending me to my lo
I strongly refused it, not without a sensatio
more properly belonged to the female than t
losopher, and which I condemned in my
arising from dishonest pride. I could not
pain suffer the polite Sir George, upon so s
acquaintance, to discover the meanness
abode. To avoid this, I sent for a chair; I
confused to find, that Sir George and his s
prepared to attend it on foot by way of gu
was in vain to dispute; he himself walked
and his servants followed it. I was covere
blushes, when, after all this parade, he han
in at the little shop-door, and took leave
profound respect as if he had guarded me t
lace. A thousand different thoughts kept m
closing my eyes that night. The behavi
Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found
must look on her as no more than a comm
quaintance; and that the world did not cont
person whom I could call my friend. My he
desolate and forlorn; I knew not what co
take for my future subsistence; the pain wh
pride had just given me, convinced me tha
far from having conquered the passions of
nity, and that I should feel too sensibly all th
tifications which attend on poverty. I deter
however, to subdue this pride, and called
assistance the examples of ancient sages and
sophers, who despised riches and honours, a
no inconveniences from the malice of fortu
had almost reasoned myself into a contempt
world, and fancied myself superior to its sn

frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags, perhaps, were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: at least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thought of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindness and tyranny of an uncle had cast me into uneasy circumstances; and that he could not know, that so much beauty and merit were so unworthily treated by fortune, without earnestly wishing to be the instrument of doing me more justice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happiness of mine; and was going on with the most fervent offers of service, when I interrupted him by saying, that there

was nothing in his power that I could with hono
accept, by which my life could be made happi
but that respect which was due to me as a wom
and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have p
vented such offers of service from a stranger,
could only be justified by a long experienced frie
ship; that I was not in a situation to receive visi
and must decline his acquaintance, which neverth
less in a happier part of my life would have giv
me pleasure.

He now had recourse to all the arts of his se
imputing his too great freedom to the force of
passion, protesting the most inviolable respect, a
imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that
would not punish him so severely as to deny hi
the liberty of seeing me, and making himself mo
and more worthy of my esteem. My weak hea
was but too much touched by his artifices, and
had only just fortitude enough to persevere in r
fusing his visits, and to insist on his leaving m
which at last he did; but it was after such a pr
fusion of tenderness, prayers, and protestation
that it was some time before I could recal my re
son enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviou
and on my own situation, which compared, left n
but little doubt of his dishonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to m
presence, and accordingly gave orders to be d
nied if he came again. My reason applauded, b
my heart reproached me, and heavily repined
the rigid determination of prudence. I knew th
I acted rightly, and I expected that that conscious
ness would make me happy, but I found it othe
wise; I was wretched beyond what I had ever fe
or formed any idea of; I discovered that my hea
was entangled in a passion which must for ever
combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue.

now considered riches as truly desirable, since they would have placed me above disgraceful attempts, and given me reasonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was discontented and unhappy, but surprised and disappointed to find myself so, since hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myself with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try still farther the power of virtue to confer happiness, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had stronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practised in the arts of seduction, to be discouraged by a first repulse: every day produced either some new attempt to see me, or a letter full of the most passionate protestations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters should be taken in from him; he had so many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands so unlike, that I was surprised into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I stirred out he was sure to be in my way, and to employ the most artful tongue that ever ensnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reason and awakening my passions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly destroyed. Whenever I was with him, I summoned all my fortitude, and constantly repeated my commands that he should avoid me. His disobedience called for my resentment, and, in spite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much disdain, as I thought his unworthy designs deserved. But the moment he left me, all my re-

solution forsook me. I repined at my fa
murmured against the Sovereign Ruler of
for making me subject to passions whic
not subdue, yet must not indulge: I com
own situation with that of my libertin
whose pernicious arguments I had heard
ror and detestation, who gave the reins
desire, whose house was the seat of plenty
and delight, whose face was ever covere
smiles, and whose heart seemed free from
and care. Is not this man, said I, happier
am? And if so, where is the worth of virtue?
I not sacrificed to her my fortune and my fri
Do I not daily sacrifice to her my darling inc
tion? Yet what is the compensation she offers
What are my prospects in this world but pove
mortification, disappointment and grief? Ev
wish of my heart denied, every passion of human
combated and hurt though never conquered! A
these the blessings with which Heaven distinguish
its favourites? Can the King of Heaven wa
power or will to distinguish them? Or does h
leave his wretched creatures to be the sport o
chance, the prey of wickedness and malice? Surely,
no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often
more miserable than that of the vicious? I myself
have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and
see no likelihood of my being otherwise in this
world—and all beyond the grave is eternal dark-
ness. Yet why do I say, that I have no prospect
of happiness? Does not the most engaging of men
offer me all the joys that love and fortune can be-
stow? Will not he protect me from every insult of
the proud world that scoffs at indigence? Will not
his liberal hand pour forth the means of every
pleasure, even of that highest and truest of all
pleasures, the power of relieving the sufferings of

my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of distress into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happiness to all around me? Is not this a state far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happiness the laudable pursuit of reason? Is it not then laudable to pursue it by the most probable means? Have I not been accusing Providence of unkindness, whilst I myself only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have mistaken the path of virtue: it must be that which leads to happiness. The path which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkness; but I see another that is strewed with flowers, and bright with the sun-shine of prosperity: this, surely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happiness. Hither then let me turn my weary steps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is surely impossible that I should offend GOD, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to resist. He has allotted me a short and precarious existence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleasure? What is evil but pain? Reason and nature direct me to chuse the first, and avoid the last. I sought for happiness in what is called virtue, but I found it not: shall I not try the other experiment: since I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderness of error, and thus had I almost reasoned myself out of every principle of morality, by pursuing through all their consequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and prescriptions for felicity, the talismans of Truth, by which I should be secured in the storms of adversity, and listen without danger to the syrens of tempta-

tion; when in the fatal hour of my presumption, sitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the side of passion, almost distracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falsehood, I saw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not necessary to describe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciously implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by false reasoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: suffice it that I submit to the humiliation I have so well deserved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reason, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakness and prejudice, the still voice of conscience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the sacrifice to passion and sophistry; that my boasted philosophy, and too much flattered understanding, preserved me not from the lowest depth of infamy, which the weakest of my sex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedness. My vile seducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the shameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and lavishing his fortune in procuring me pleasures which I could not taste, and pomp which seemed an insult on my disgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulness of accepting offered pleasures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my understanding was darkened, but the sense of guilt was not lost. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it so, suffered the most intolerable mortification and disgust, every time I reflected on my infamous situation. Every eye seemed to upbraid me, even

that of my triumphant seducer. O depth of misery! to be conscious of deserving the contempt of him I loved, and for whose sake I was become contemptible to myself!

Y

N°. 79. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1753.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis: et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari. HOR.

Who then is free?—The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force. FRANCIS.

This was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of Jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of

marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings: but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing, ashamed to look in the face of any creature who had seen me innocent, wretched in myself, and hoping from change of place some abatement of my misery, I put myself into a post chaise at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuse the road.

My reason and my senses seemed benumbed and stupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any design for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have stopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and dismissed my vehicle, without once considering what I was to do with myself, or why I chose that place for my abode. To say truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confused and distracted. A short frenzy must have filled up those hours, of which my memory retains such imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my clothes, I left the inn as soon as I saw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's side, where after having walked

some time, the freshness of the air revived my senses, and awakened my reason. My reason, my memory, my anguish and despair, returned together! Every circumstance of my past life was present to my mind; but most the idea of my faithless lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in spite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tenderest and most ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature heightened the anguish of resentment, and completed my misery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retrospect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future prospects. They were still more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppression and the taunts of insolence, was before my eyes. I who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, respected, and admired, was now the outcast of human nature, despised and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had most loved! hateful to myself, belonging to no one, exposed to wrongs and insults from all!

I tried to find out the cause of this dismal change, and how far I was myself the occasion of it. My conduct with respect to Sir George, though I spontaneously condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would justify. But as my principles could not preserve me from vice, neither could they sustain me in adversity: conscience was not to be perverted by the sophistry which had beclouded my reason. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, should acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermost distress, I was neither

sustained by the consciousness of innocence, t
exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: wh
ther I looked backward or forward, all was confusi
and anguish, distraction and despair. I accus
the Supreme Being of cruelty and injustice, wh
though he gave me not sufficient encouragement
resist desire, yet punished me with the consequenc
of indulgence. If there is a GOD, cried I, he mu
be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardless of h
creatures. I will no longer endure a being which
undeservedly miserable either from chance or d
sign, but fly to that annihilation in which all m
prospects terminate. Take back, said I, lifting m
eyes to Heaven, the hateful gift of existence, a
let my dust no more be animated to sufferin
and exalted to misery.

So saying, I ran to the brink of the river, and w
going to plunge in, when the cry of some pers
very near me made me turn my eyes to see when
it came. I was accosted by an elderly clergyma
who with looks of terror, pity and benevolenc
asked what I was about to do? At first I was su
len, and refused to answer him; but by degrees th
compassion he showed, and the tenderness wi
which he treated me, softened my heart, and ga
vent to my tears.

'O! Madam,' said he 'these are gracious sign
and unlike those which first drew my attentio
and made me watch you unobserved, fearing som
fatal purpose in your mind. What must be th
thoughts which could make a face like your's a
pear the picture of horror! I was taking m
morning walk, and have seen you a considerab
time; sometimes stopping and wringing your hand
sometimes quickening your pace, and sometim
walking slow with your eyes fixed on the groun
till you raised them to Heaven, with looks not

supplication and piety, but rather of accusation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it that you have quarrelled with yourself, with life, nay even with Heaven? Recal your reason and your hope, and let this seasonable prevention of your fatal purpose be an earnest to you of good things to come, of GOD'S mercy not yet alienated from you, and stooping from his throne to save your soul from perdition.'.

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. 'This poor lady,' said he, 'from the fault of her education and prin-

ciples, sees every thing through a gloomy medium: she accuses Providence and hates her existence for those evils, which are the common lot of mankind in this short state of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the greatest sufferers I have known, are best qualified to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince her, by your own example, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find its reward. She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if she knew all that you have gone through, she would surely be sensible, that if you are happier than she, it is only because your principles are better.'

'Indeed, my dear madam,' said she, 'that is the only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It is now but ten days since I followed to the grave my only son, the survivor of eight children, who were all equally the objects of my fondest love. My heart is no less tender than your own, nor my affections less warm. For a whole year before the death of my last darling, I watched the fatal progress of his disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could not submit, wanting to my trials. Though my husband is by his profession a gentleman, his income is so small that I and my children have often wanted necessaries: and though I had always a weakly constitution I have helped to support my family by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am consuming, by daily tortures, with a cancer which must shortly be my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper assistance, though nothing could preserve my life; but I have not the means to obtain that assistance.'——O hold, interrupted I, my soul is shocked at the enumeration of such intolerable sufferings. How is it that you

support them? Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, renounce your existence, and put yourself out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, amidst such complicated misery, that appearance of cheerfulness and serene complacency which shines so remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

'That cheerfulness and complacency,' answered the good woman, 'I feel in my heart. My mind is not only serene, but often experiences the highest emotions of joy and exultation, that the brightest hopes can give.' And whence, said I, do you derive this astonishing art of extracting joy from misery, and of smiling amidst all the terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty and death? She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. 'See there,' said she, 'the volume in which I learn this art. Here I am taught, that everlasting glory is in store for all, who will accept it upon the terms which Infinite Perfection has prescribed; here I am promised consolation, assistance and support from the Lord of Life; and here I am assured that my transient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. This happiness is at hand. The short remainder of my life seems but a point beyond which opens the glorious prospect of immortality. Thus encouraged how should I be dejected? Thus supported, how should I sink? With such prospects, such assured hopes, how can I be otherwise than happy?'

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion, which was capable of produc-

ing such effects as I could not attribute eithe
chance or error. The good couple pressed
with so much unaffected kindness, to make t
little parsonage my asylum till I could better
pose of myself, that I accepted their offer. H
with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a p
sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied
Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their au
rity. But after reading them with candour and
tention, I found all the intrinsic arguments of t
truth superfluous. The excellency of their
cepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and
glorious motives and encouragements to vi
which they propose, together with the striking
ample I had before my eyes of their salutary eff
left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have h
witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the
umphant death of the dear good woman. Wit
much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in
male character, she shewed more dauntless intr
dity than the sternest philosopher or the prou
hero. No torment could shake the constanc
her soul, or length of pain wear out the strengt
her patience. Death was to her an object no
horror but of hope. When I heard her pour f
her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smi
extasy remain on her pale face when life was
I could not help crying out in the beautiful langu
I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings,
Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is
victory?'

I am now preparing to leave my excellent b
factor, and get my bread in a service, to which
has recommended me, in a neighbouring family.
state of servitude, to which once I could not
solve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to

that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosoply attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust; but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt for the Sacred Oracles of GOD; tell them these amazing effects of the power of Christianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, 'Though vice is constantly attended by misery, Virtue itself cannot confer happiness in this world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal bliss in the world to come.

I am, &c.

Y FIDELIA.'

N° 80. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1753.

Non desunt crassi quidam, qui studiosos ab hujusmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant & ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos censeo quos & omnibus in ludis prælegant adolescentiæ literatores: & sibi legant relegantque senes. ERASMUS.

There are not wanting perſons ſo dull and inſenſible, as to deter ſtudents from reading books of this kind, which, they ſay, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the inſtructors of youth in their ſchools, but that the old and experienced ſhould again and again peruſe them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are usually and juſtly reckoned the three principal ſources of the pleaſures that ſtrike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the firſt ſpecies, yet the Odyſſey may boaſt a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vaſt variety of ſcenes perpetually ſhifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many ſudden turns of fortune in this diverſified poem, muſt more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a ſingle colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and diſguſt the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, preſume to ſay with Voltaire, that among

the greatest admirers of antiquity, there is scarce one to be found, who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerness and rapture, which a woman feels when she peruses the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the speciosa miracula of the Odyssey are better calculated to excite our curiosity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguished impatience to the catastrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundless exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied spirit and fire, ακαματον πυρ, has enabled Homer to diversify the descriptions of his battles with many circumstances of great variety: sometimes, by specifying the different characters, ages, professions, or nations, of his dying heroes: sometimes by describing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and sometimes by tender and pathetic strokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his son just murdered, of the desolate condition of the widows who will now be enslaved, and of the children that will be dashed against the stones. But notwithstanding this delicate art and address in the poet, the subject remains the same; and from this sameness, it will, I fear, grow tedious and insipid to impartial readers; these small modifications and adjuncts are not sufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles, are, indeed, nobly and variously painted, yet still they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulysses through the manifold perils he underwent by sea and land, and visit with him the strange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whose manners and customs are described in the most lively and pic-

turesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountered and escaped,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charibdin;

Antiphates his hideous feast devour,
Charybdis bark and Polyphemus roar; FRANCIS.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,' and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety or disgust.

But besides its variety, the Odyssey is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry,

as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs,

> Ῥεια δ' αριγνωτω πελεται, καλαι δε τε πασαι,
>
> Tho' all are fair, she shines above the rest.

is a far more graceful figure, than the most glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plaistered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to this innocent unadorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance, than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock; but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say, patriarchal simplicity of manners displayed in the Odyssey, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the Iliad, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcase of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomede and Ajax: the Natural is as strong an evidence of true genius, as the Sublime. It is in such images the Odyssey abounds: the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatise on the sublime. He justly commends the prayer of Ajax, who when he was surrounded with a thick darkness that prevented the display of his prowess, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him; 'and then,' says he, 'destroy me if thou wilt in the day light;' εν δε φαει και ολεσσον. But surely the reflections which Ulysses makes to

Amphinomus, the most virtuous of the suitors, concerning the misery and vanity of man, will be found to deserve equal commendations, if we consider their propriety, solemnity, and truth. Our hero in the disguise of a beggar, had just been spurned at and ridiculed by the rest of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whose behaviour is finely contrasted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulysses says, 'Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I shall speak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the earth, the most weak and impotent is man. For he never thinks that evil shall befal him at another season, while the Gods bestow on him strength and happiness. But when the immortal Gods afflict him with adversity, he bears it with unwillingness and repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter sends happiness or misery. I once numbered myself among the happy, and elated with prosperity and pride, and relying on my family and friends, committed many acts of injustice. But let no man be proud or unjust, but receive whatever gifts the Gods bestow on him with humility and silence.' I chose to translate this sententious passage as literally as possible, to preserve the air of its venerable simplicity and striking solemnity. If we recollect the speaker, and the occasion of the speech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our assent to the truth of the title which Alcidamas, according to Aristotle in his rhetoric, bestows on the Odyssey; who calls it 'a beautiful mirror of human life,' καλον ανθρωπινου βιου κατοπτρον.

Homer, in the Iliad, resembles the river Nile, when it descends in a cataract that deafens and

astonishes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the Odyssey, he is still like the same Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuse fertility and fatness over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

Z

N° 81. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1753.

Nil desperandum. HOR.

Avaunt despair.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to inquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers: he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of this question, as it relates to persons

or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully complete his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man, should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized them-

selves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits: there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

'Virtue,' says Virgil, 'is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form:' the person of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten

languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

These acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness,

and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

Nor was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier, which was then newly in-

troduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and Crichton contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vicentio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

Thus was the admirable Crichton brought into that *state, in* which he could excel the meanest of

mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

T.

N° 82. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1753.

Nunc scio quid sit AMOR. VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; 'The art of being Pretty.'

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that Beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human

wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon Sentiment and Manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must surely approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour, and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always

been allowed the pre-eminence, and th
evident; dimples are produced by a sr
smile is an expression of complacency:
traction of the brows into a frown, as i
cation of a contrary temper, has a
deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to
beauty, by which his passion was sudd
resistibly determined to a particular
this could never happen, if it depende
known rule of proportion, upon the sh
position of the features, or the colour
he tells you, that it is something which
fully express, something not fixed in ar
diffused over the whole; he calls it a s
softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it
appellation which connects beauty with
and expresses a charm which is not pec
set of features, but is perhaps possible t

This beauty, however, does not alway
smiles, but varies as expressions of me
kindness vary with their objects; it is
forcible in the silent complaint of pa
ance, the tender solicitude of friendshi
glow of filial obedience; and in tears
joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irre

This is the charm which captivates
aid of Nature, and without which her utn
is ineffectual. But it cannot be assume
to conceal insensibility or malevolence;
the genuine effect of corresponding sen
it will impress upon the countenance
more disgusting deformity, Affectation;
duce the grin, the simper, the stare, th
the pout, and innumerable other grimac
der folly ridiculous, and change pity t
By some, indeed, this species of hypocri

practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it cannot deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains when the passion is suspended; thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtle, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible

pression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor: 'It is,' to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence;' if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and

ıe husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, ıerely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, hich lasted only till she was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can ɐ disciples of the Graces, but in the school of Vir- ıe; and that those who wish to be lovely, must ɐarn early to be good.

N° 83. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1753.

Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in dissolutionem nodi, agi; eaque ɐecipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimam diligentiæ.

CICERO.

The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the so- ıtion of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and re- ıires the utmost diligence and care.

ıF the three only perfect Epopees, which, in the ɔmpass of so many ages, human wit has been able ɔ produçe, the conduct and constitution of the ldyssey seem to be the most artificial and judi- ious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of ıbles, the simple and the complex. A fable in ɐagic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when ɐe events it contains follow each other in a conti- ued and unbroken tenour, without a Recognition r discovery, and without a Peripetie or unexpect- d change of fortune. A fable is called complex, hen it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. nd this great critic, whose knowledge of human

nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprize and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the Œdipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Tauris and Alcestes of Euripides, to the Ajax, Philoctetes, and Medea of the same writers, and to the Prometheus of Eschylus: because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befal the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the Athaliah of Racine, and the Meropes of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope, who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected, but yet so probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the Odyssey being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the Iliad and the Æneid, which are both simple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

'A man is for several years absent from his home; Neptune continually watches and persecutes him; his retinue being destroyed, he remains alone: but while his estate is wasting by the suitors of his wife, and his son's life is plotted against, he himself suddenly arrives after many storms at sea, discovers himself to some of his friends, falls on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, and destroys his enemies. This is what is essential to the fable; the episodes make up the rest.'

From these observations on the nature of the fable of the Odyssey in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different interests, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspense, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation of any farther event. Both of these should arise naturally and easily out of the very essence and subject of the poem itself, should not be deduced from circumstances foreign and extrinsical, should be at the same time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who resented the punishment which Ulysses had inflicted on his son Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempests: and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the Odyssey in the first part of the poem; that is, in plain prose, 'what more natural and usual obstacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the

violence of winds and storms?' The plot of the second part of the poem is founded on circumstances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long absence of a master, whose return was despaired of, the insolence of his servants, the dangers to which his wife and his son were exposed, the ruin of his estate, and the disorder of his kingdom.

The address and art of Homer in the gradual solution of this plot, by the most probable and easy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applause. Ulysses is driven by a tempest to the island of the Phæacians, where he is generously and hospitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet most artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus should sing the destruction of Troy. At the recital of his past labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now separated, our hero could no longer contain himself, but burst into tears and weeps bitterly. The curiosity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable sorrow, he intreats Ulysses to discover who he is, and what he has suffered; which request furnishes a most proper and probable occasion to the hero to relate a long series of adventures in the four following books, an occasion much more natural than that which induces Ænens to communicate his history to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his successors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midst of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumstances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of strange and amusing tales, resolve to fit out a ship for the distressed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives

in Ithaca, his absence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a disguise, that he may be the better enabled to surprize and to punish the riotous suitors, and to re-establish the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulysses is frequently on the point of being discovered, particularly when he engages in the shooting-match with the suitors, and when he enters into conversation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and personates a fictitious character; but he is still judiciously disappointed, and the suspense is kept up as long as possible. And at last when his nurse Euriclea discovers him by the scar in his thigh, it is a circumstance so simple and so natural, that notwithstanding Aristotle places these recognitions by Signs and Tokens, below those that are effected by Reasoning, as in the Œdipus and Iphigenia; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this striking method of unravelling a fable, by a discovery and a peripetie, was manifestly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope lest Ulysses was not in reality her husband, and the tenderness and endearments that ensue upon her conviction that he is, render the surprize and satisfaction of the reader complete.

Upon the whole, the Odyssey is a poem that exhibits the finest lessons of morality, the most entertaining variety of scenes and events, the most lively and natural pictures of civil and domestic life, the truest representation of the manners and customs of antiquity, and the justest pattern of a legitimate Epopee: and is, therefore, peculiarly useful to those, who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

Z

N° 84. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1753.

——Tolle periculum,
Jam vaga prosiliet frænis natura remotis.

HOR.

But take the danger and the shame away,
And vagrant Nature bounds upon her prey.

FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been observed, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almost every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the rest of the world. This is ascribed to the liberty prevailing amongst us, which gives every man the privilege of being wise or foolish his own way, and preserves him from the necessity of hypocrisy, or the servility of imitation.

That the position itself is true, I am not completely satisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing else beheld at a distance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty discriminations which diversify the natural character, are not discoverable but by a close inspection; we, therefore, find them most at home, because there we have most opportunities of remarking them. Much less am I convinced, that this peculiar diversification, if it be real, is the con-

sequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that superintends individuals with so much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without restraint? Can it enter into a reasonable mind to imagine that men of every other nation are not equally masters of their own time or houses with ourselves, and equally at liberty to be parsimonious or profuse, frolic or sullen, abstinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly necessary to the full play of predominant humours; but such liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant passion snatches an interval of liberty, and how fast it expands itself, when the weight of restraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to discover, as I took a journey into the country in a stage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can display no such extraordinary assembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a stage-coach the passengers are for the most part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one should, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the rest should form concerning him. Yet so it is, that as all think themselves secure from detection, all assume that character of which they are most desirous, and on no occasion is the general ambition of superiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I ascended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was easy to observe the affected elevation of mien with

which every one entered, and the supercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the first ceremony was dispatched, we sat silent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to strike reverence and submission into our companions.

It is always observable that silence propagates itself, and that the longer talk has been suspended the more difficult it is to find any thing to say. We began now to wish for conversation; but no one seemed inclined to descend from his dignity, or first propose a topic of discourse. At last a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himself for this expedition with a scarlet surtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in silence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I suppose, understood by all the company as an invitation to ask the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his desire to be talking so far overcame his resentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was past five, and that in two hours we should be at breakfast.

His condescension was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amused myself with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one seemed to employ himself in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a slumber. The man of benevolence, to shew that he was not depressed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his snuff-box.

Thus universally displeased with one another, and not much delighted with ourselves, we came at last to the little inn appointed for our repast; and all began at once to recompence themselves for the

constraint of silence, by innumerable questions and orders to the people that attended us. At last, what every one had called for was got, or declared impossible to be got at that time, and we were persuaded to sit round the same table; when the gentleman in the red surtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to spare, but he was sorry to see so little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himself one of the company. 'I remember,' says he, 'it was on just such a morning as this, that I and my lord Mumble and the duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble: we called at a little house as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not suspecting to whom she was talking, was so jocular and facetious, and made so many merry answers to our questions, that we were all ready to burst with laughter. At last the good woman happening to overhear me whisper the duke and call him by his title, was so surprised and confounded, that we could scarcely get a word from her; and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little house, and quarrels with me for terrifying the landlady.'

He had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the veneration which this narrative must have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a distant part of the table, began to remark 'the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never sat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themselves such offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in disguise, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condescension to poor innkeepers, and the allowance which they made for

any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.'

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper; and having perused it awhile with deep pensiveness, 'It is impossible,' says he, 'for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.'

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that 'he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country.'

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have began to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that disguises them is dissolved, and they discover the dignity of each other: yet it happened that none of

these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest; all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the sauciness of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is the clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character, which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at

me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and All must be shown to All in their real state.

T I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
VIATOR.

N° 85. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1753.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts must try, and every toil sustain. FRANCIS.

It is observed by Bacon, that 'reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man.'

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavouring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then

ecure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices must be practised, to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice; it can scarcely be conceived, how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtile, and the acute *absurd;* how often stupidity will elude the force of *argument*, by involving itself in its own gloom, and

ed character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to consider, how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts 'besprent,' as Pope expresses it, 'with learned dust,' and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present; but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms Opacum and Pellucidum, told us, after some hesitation, that Opacum was, as one might say, Opake, and that Pellucidum signified Pellucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him, are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and ob-

scure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations, view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who having fenced always with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies, his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

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mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force: thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others; and seldom recal to a close examination, that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used, lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against the fallacies which it practises on others: in conversation we naturally diffuse our

thoughts, and in writing we contract them; metho is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportio is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. all these there is not often equal opportunity; cellence, therefore, is not often attainable, most men fail in one or other of the ends propos and are full without readiness, or ready witho exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven because all are men; and more must be allowed pass uncensured in the greater part of the worl because none can confer upon himself abilities, few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed: is, however, reasonable, to have Perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T

N° 86. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago—— HOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress.
FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

To indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you

e account of my life, which, without farther logy or introduction, may, perhaps, be favour- y received in an Adventurer.

y mother died when I was very young; and father, who was a naval commander, and had, refore, no opportunity to superintend my con- ct, placed me at a grammar school, and after- rds removed me to the university. At school number of boys was so great, that to regulate r morals was impossible; and at the university en my learning contributed to the dissoluteness my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been re- strained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than vola- tile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appe- tites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering my- self with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant,

any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her custom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own house.'

A general emulation seemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto said nothing, called for the last news-paper; and having perused it awhile with deep pensiveness, 'It is impossible,' says he, 'for any man to guess how to act with regard to the stocks: last week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I sold out twenty thousand pounds in order to a purchase: they have now risen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I shall risk thirty thousand pounds among them again.'

A young man, who had hitherto distinguished himself only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diversion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this closed his snuff-box, and told us, that 'he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the subject of the stocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were established, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unsolid in their foundation; and that he had been advised by three judges, his most intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-security, till he could light upon an estate in his own country.'

It might be expected, that upon these glimpses of latent dignity, we should all have began to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that *disguises* them is dissolved, and they discover the *dignity* of each other: yet it happened [illegible]

tremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without hesitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and proposed that we should go to Haddock's: she hesitated with some appearance of unwillingness and confusion, but at length consented: she soon became more free, and I was not less pleased with her conversation than her person: I observed that she had a softness and modesty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual prostitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unspeakable confusion and astonishment, I discovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I so cruelly seduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that she had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breast, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial she would ever have of a father. I was instantly struck with a sense of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my disorder with surprise and concern: she inquired with an officious solicitude, what sudden illness had seized me; she took my hand, pressed it, and looked eagerly in my face, still inquisitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained some time torpid: but was soon rouzed by the reflection, that I was receiving the caresses of my child, whom I had abandoned to the lowest infamy, to be the slave of drunkenness and lust, and whom I had led to the brink of incest. I suddenly started up; first held her at a distance; then catching her in my arms, *strove to speak*, but burst into tears. I saw that she was confounded and terrified; and as soon as

I could recover my speech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the secret.

It is impossible to express the effect it had upon her: she stood motionless a few minutes; then clasped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have seen is not to conceive. The tears at length started from her eyes; she recollected herself, called me father, threw herself upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart, by asking my blessing.

We sat up together the remainder of the night, which I spent in listening to a story that I may perhaps hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about six miles from town. I visit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a stranger, and which are every day more frequent and more strong. I proposed to retire with her into some remote part of the country, and to atone for the past by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the past not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to those, upon whose daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have rescued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expressed less kindness than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or seduced to prostitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have started to the eye; had been catched to the bosom with transport, in the prattling simplicity of infancy; had been watched in sickness with anxiety that suspended sleep; had been fed by the toil of industrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monster is he, by whom these fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, so dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I sometimes regret the

straint which is come upon me; I wish to sink again into the slumber from which I have been rouzed, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment bursting for utterance: but I want words. Farewel.

AGAMUS.

N° 87. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1753.

Iracundior est paulò; minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo quòd
Rusticiùs tonso toga defluit, & malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore—— HOR.

Your friend is passionate; perhaps unfit
For the brisk petulance of modern wit:
His hair ill cut, his robe that aukward flows,
Or his large shoes, to raillery expose
The man.———
But underneath this rough uncouth disguise,
A genius of extensive knowledge lies. FRANCIS.

THERE are many accomplishments, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by small abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourse with men. Of this kind is that general courtesy, which is called Good Breeding; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characterised and recommended.

Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a passion almost universally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preserved from contempt by incontestible superiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet

regarded with malevolence, and avoided enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat

In some instances, indeed, the enmity of cannot be avoided without the participati guilt; but then it is the enmity of those whom neither virtue nor wisdom can desire sociate: and good breeding may generally be tised upon more easy and more honourable te than acquiescence in the detraction of malice o adulation of servility, the obscenity of a letche the blasphemy of an infidel. Disagreeable tr may be suppressed; and when they can be s pressed without guilt, they cannot innocently uttered; the boast of vanity may be suffered wi out severe reprehension, and the prattle of absu dity may be heard without expressions of co tempt.

It happens, indeed, somewhat unfortunately, tha the practice of good breeding, however necessary is obstructed by the possession of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, sen sibility, and spirit, exalted genius, and extensive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and contemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the most ex alted and original geniuses that ever appeared, being banished his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the sanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at first in great esteem; but became daily less acceptable to his patron, by the severity of his manners and the freedom of his speech. There were at the same court, many players and buffoons, gamesters and debauchees, one of whom, distinguished by his impudence, ri baldry, and obscenity, was greatly caressed by the rest; which the prince suspecting Dante not to be pleased with, ordered the man to be brought be fore him, and having highly extolled him, turned

to Dante, and said, 'I wonder that this person, who is by some deemed a fool, and by others a madman, should yet be so generally pleasing, and so generally beloved; when you, who are celebrated for wisdom, are yet heard without pleasure, and commended without friendship.' 'You would cease to wonder,' replied Dante, 'if you considered, that a conformity of character is the source of friendship.' This sarcasm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenness of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately dismissed and banished.

But by this answer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of resentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the still voice of Reason, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his answer was not wise; if he did not intend reformation, his answer was not good.

Great delicacy, sensibility, and penetration, do not less obstruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Persons thus qualified, not only discover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more disgusted with the faults and failings which they discover: the common topics of conversation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whist, the history of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a description of lady Fanny's jewels and lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horse-race or a cock-match, and disquisitions on the game act or the scarcity of partridges, are subjects upon which men of delicate taste do not always chuse to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of

others. But they should remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reason and the prevalence of vanity; that if they sit silent and reserved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be despised and hated by those whom they hate and despise; and with better reason, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to answer with civility, seems to comprehend all the good breeding of conversation; and in proportion as this is easy, silence and inattention are without excuse.

He, who does not practice good breeding, will not find himself considered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a species of rusticity, which it is not less absurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this species of ill-breeding is become almost proverbially the characteristic of a scholar; nor should it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abstruse science, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the soul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the close pursuit of their several objects, should have studied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to shine at a route and in the schools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an astronomer, should be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought strange to those, who duly consider the narrowness of our faculties, and the impossibility of attaining universal excellence.

Equally excusable, for the same reasons, are that absence of mind, and that forgetfulness of place and person, to which scholars are so frequently subject. When Louis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, 'Yes,' replied Boileau, in the presence of madam Maintenon, 'he performed tolerably well

in the despicable pieces of Scarron, which are now deservedly forgotten even in the provinces.'

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has some peculiar temptation and propensity to evil, let not the man of uprightness and honesty be morose and surly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whose delicacy and penetration discern with disgust those imperfections in others from which he himself is not free, indulge perpetual peevishness and discontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuse for not condescending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man should be well-bred, at the expence of his Virtue; no man should practice virtue, so as to deter others from Imitation.

Z.

N° 88. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1753.

———Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam——— VIRG.

———She seems alone,
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guileless and dark———. DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whose power of investigating nature few will deny to have been superior to their own, confesses, that he cannot account for gravity, the first principle of his system, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phænomena supposed to be the effects of such a principle, to be other-

wise produced, than by the immediate and per
tual influence of the Almighty: and, perhaps, th
who most attentively consider the phænomena
the moral and natural world, will be most incli
to admit the agency of invisible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly
sive; for dreams are so far from being the e
of a voluntary effort, that we neither know
what we shall dream, nor whether we shall dr
at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appea
have any power equal to such an effect; for
ideas conceived in dreams, without the interve
of sensible objects, are much more perfect
strong than can be formed at other times by
utmost effort of the most lively imagination:
it can scarce be supposed, that the mind is
vigorous when we sleep, than when we are aw
especially if it be true, as I have before rema
that 'in sleep the power of memory is wholly
pended, and the understanding is employed
about such objects as present themselves, wit
comparing the past with the present;' excep
judge of the soul by a maxim which some
philosophers have held concerning horses, that
the tail is cut off, the rest of the members bec
more strong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conce
which material objects do not excite; and w
the force of imagination, exerted by a volun
effort, cannot form; but the mind of the lun
besides being impressed with the images of th
that do not fall under the cognizance of his se
is prevented from receiving corresponding im
from those that do. When the visionary mon
looks round upon his clothes which he has d
rated with the spoils of his bed, his mind does

conceive the ideas of rags and straw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold: and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impressed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloses an area of ten feet square; but of wainscot, and painting, and tapestry, the bounds of a spacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with splendid dependents.

Of the lunatic it is also universally true, that his understanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perversion of the understanding does not necessarily imply; he either sits torpid in despair, or is busied in the contrivance or the execution of mischief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material causes, it is difficult to shew, why misery or malevolence should always be complicated with absurdity; why madness should not sometimes produce instances of frantic and extravagant kindness, of a benevolent purpose formed upon erroneous principles and pursued by ridiculous means, and of an honest and harmless chearfulness arising from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is, indeed, sometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind; his sport is always mischief; and mischief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonness; his disposition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy; and upon this occasion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madness is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be considered as an approach to madness.

Among other unaccountable phænomena in lunacy, is the invincible absurdity of opinion with respect to some single object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other: it sometimes happens, that when this object is presented to the *mind, reason is* thrown quite out of her seat, and the

perversion of the understanding for a time becomes general; but sometimes it still continues to be perverted but in part, and the absurdity itself is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A most extraordinary instance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cause which he successfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a dissenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been some time seized with melancholy, desisted from the duties of his function, and could not be persuaded to join in any act of worship either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expressed the utmost grief and astonishment; and after much importunity he told them, 'that he had fallen under the sensible displeasure of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life in common with brutes; that it was, therefore, prophane for him to pray, and incongruous to be present at the prayers of others.'

In this opinion, however absurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind subsisted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reasoning strong.

Being once importuned to say grace at the table of a friend, he excused himself many times; but the request being still repeated, and the company kept standing, he discovered evident tokens of distress, and after some irresolute gestures and hesitation, expressed with great fervour this ejaculation: 'Most merciful and Almighty God, let thy spirit, which moved upon the face of the waters when there was no light, descend upon me; that from

this darkness there may rise up a man to praise thee!'

But the most astonishing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, 'A defence of the Religion of Nature and the Christian Revelation, in answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation,' and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is universally allowed to be the best which that controversy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

'Madam,

'Of all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands since your first happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly said, what now bespeaks your majesty's acceptance is the chief.

'Not in itself indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amusement to one of your majesty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taste.

'But on account of the author, who is the first being of the kind, and yet without a name.

'He was once a man; and of some little name; but of no worth, as his present unparalleled case makes but too manifest; for by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very thinking substance has for more than seven years been continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the least remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the shadow of an idea is left, nor any sense that, so much as one single one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminished, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

'Such a present from such a thing, however worthless in itself, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majesty, the author being such as history

cannot parallel: and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it must be recorded as the most memorable and indeed astonishing event in the reign of George the second, that a tract composed by such a thing was presented to the illustrious Caroline; his royal consort needs not be added; fame, if I am not misinformed, will tell that with pleasure to all succeeding times.

'He has been informed, that your majesty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great searcher of hearts only; He alone, who can look into them, can discern if they are sincere, and the main intention corresponds with the appearance; and your majesty cannot take it amiss, if such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of infinitely greater value than the commendation of men, who may be easily mistaken and are too apt to flatter their superiors.

'But if he had been told the truth, such a case as his will certainly strike your majesty with astonishment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in those of his friends; who by the most unreasonable and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined, that a thinking being could for seven years together live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations and state, and to what the great God has been doing in it and to it.

'If your majesty, in your most retired address to the King of Kings, should think of so singular a case, you may, perhaps, make it your devout request, that the reign of your beloved sovereign and consort may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a soul now in the utmost ruin, the

restoration of one utterly lost at present amongst men.

'And should this case affect your royal breast, you will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the truly devout, who have the honour to be known to your majesty: many such doubtless there are: though courts are not usually the places where the devout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land may take a case to heart, that under your majesty's patronage comes thus recommended.

'Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained from Heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with what a transport of gratitude would the recovered being throw himself at your majesty's feet, and adoring the Divine Power and Grace, profess himself,

'Madam,

'Your majesty's most obliged

'and dutiful servant.

This dedication, which is no where feeble or absurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to suppress; wisely considering, that a book, to which it should be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required stronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preserved, and has been transcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not less distinguished by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary *curiosity, which* was in danger of being lost for want *of a repository* in which it might be preserved.

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N° 89. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1753.

Præcipua tamen ejus in commovendâ miseratione virtus, ut quidem in hac eum parte omnibus ejusdem operis autoribus præferant.
QUINTILIAN.

His great excellence was in moving compassion, with respect to which many give him the first place of all the writers of that kind.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is usual for scholars to lament, with indiscriminating regret, the devastations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by superstition, ignorance, and gothicism; but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of

ture, than if the logic and the physics of otle had never descended to posterity.

vo of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of t judgment and genius, very justly thought that should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other old Grecian hymn to the Goddess Health: and, eed, I conceive it to be a very important use of ur paper, to bring into common light those beau- ul remains of ancient art, which by their present tuation are deprived of that universal admiration ey so justly deserve, and are only the secret en- yment of a few curious readers. In imitation, herefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertain- ment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel, in a smooth vo- lubility, and flow on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a course of even and uninterrupted har- mony.'

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preservation of the following passage, the tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and sensibility. Danaë, being by her merciless father inclosed in a chest and thrown into the sea with her child, th poet proceeds thus far to relate her distress:

Ὅτε λαρναχι ἐν δαιδαλεα ανεμος
Βρεμη πνεων, κινηθεισα δε λιμνα
Δειματι ερειπεν' οὔτ' αδιανταισι
Παρειαις, αμφι τε Περσει βαλλε

Φιλαν χερα, ειπεν τε——Ὦ τεκνον,
Οιον εχω, πονον. συ δ' αυτι γαλαθηνω
Ἥτορι κνωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
Χαλχεογομφω δε, νυκτιλαμπει,
Κυανεω τε δνοφω. συ δ', αυαλεαν
Ὑπερθε τεαν κομαν βαθειαν
Παριοντος κυματος ουκ αλεγεις
Ουδ ανεμου φθογγων, πορθυρεα
Κειμενος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλον,
Ει δε τοι δεινον το γε δεινον ην,
Και κεν εμων ῥηματων λεπτον
Ὑπειχεσ οῦας. Κελομαι, ευδε βρεφος,
Ευδετω δε ποντος, ευδετω αμετρον κακον.

When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat so violently on the chest as to threaten to overset it, she threw her arm fondly around Perseus, and said, the tears trickling down her cheeks, 'O my son, what sorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt in a deep slumber; thou sleepest soundly like a sucking child, in this joyless habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou regardest not the waves that dash around thee, nor the whistling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! If thou wert sensible of this calamity, thou wouldest bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beseech thee, O my child! Sleep, with him, O ye billows! and sleep likewise my distress!'

Those who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, should attentively consider the following happy imitation of it, which I have reason to believe, is not so extensively known or so warmly admired as it deserves; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great princess taking leave of an affectionate husband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to com-

t her inconsolable family, adds the following particular.

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum sopore vinctum
Quà nutrix placido sinû fovebat:
'Dormis,' inquiit, 'O miselle, nec te
Vultus exanimes, silentiumque
Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;
Nec sentis patre destitutus illo,
Qui gestans genibusve brachiove,
Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
Tu dormis, volitantque qui solebant
Risus, in roseis tuis labellis.———
Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores
Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
Rumpant somnia.—Quando, quando, tales
Redibunt oculis meis sopores!'

The contrast betwixt the insensibility of the infant and the agony of the mother; her observing that the child is unmoved with what was most likely to affect him, the sorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the dismal silence that reigned throughout the court; the circumstances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to speak; are such delicate master-strokes of nature and parental tenderness, as shew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with those little touches of passion that are best calculated to move it. The affectionate wish of 'dormi, parvule' is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the sudden exclamation that follows,—'when, O when, shall I sleep like this infant!' is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the most artful and the

most striking use of the slumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by comparison the restlessness of the mother's sorrow; it is the finest and strongest way of saying, 'my grief will never cease,' that has ever been used. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by using their expressions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their spirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new subjects. The generality of those who have proposed Catullus for their pattern, even the best of the modern Latin poets of Italy, seem to think they have accomplished their design, by introducing many florid diminutives, such as 'tenellula, and columbula:' but there is a purity and severity of stile, a temperate and austere manner in Catullus, which nearly resembles that of his contemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced these reflections. Whenever, therefore, we sit down to compose, we should ask ourselves in the words of Longinus a little altered; 'How would Homer or Plato, Demosthenes or Thucydides, have expressed themselves on this occasion; allowing for the alteration of our customs, and the different idioms of our respective languages?' This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footsteps; this would be making the same glorious use of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Eschylus in drawing the character of Satan.

If you should happen not to lay aside this paper among the refuse of your correspondence, as the

spring of pedantry, and a blind fondness for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the sight of so much Greek, though ever so Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

Z I am,
Mr. Adventurer,
Yours,
PALÆOPHILUS.

N° 90. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1753.

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.
VIRGIL.

——By length of time,
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure æther of the soul remains. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

NOTHING sooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading those passages of the greatest writers, in which they seem deprived of that noble spirit that inspires them in other parts; and where, instead of invention and grandeur we meet with nothing but flatness and insipidity.

The pain I have felt in observing a lofty genius thus sink beneath itself, has often made me wish, that these unworthy stains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of these thoughts, and closed the evening, as I frequently *do, with reading* a few lines in Virgil. I acciden-

tally opened that part of the sixth book, where Anchises recounts to his son the various methods of purgation which the soul undergoes in the next world, to cleanse it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure etherial essence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was so much like my evening's speculation, that it insensibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as soon as I fell asleep, formed itself into the following dream.

I found myself in an instant in the midst of a temple, which was built with all that magnificent simplicity that distinguishes the productions of the ancients. At the east end was raised an altar, on each side of which stood a priest, who seemed preparing to sacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which arose the brightest flame I had ever beheld. The light which it dispensed, though remarkably strong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but steady and uniform, and diffused a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the first appearance of the morning.

While I stood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blast of a trumpet that shook the whole temple; but it carried a certain sweetness in its sound, which mellowed and tempered the natural shrillness of that instrument. After it had sounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the description of Fame by the ancients, issued a proclamation to the following purpose: 'By command of Apollo and the Muses, all who have ever made any pretensions to fame by their writings, are enjoined to sacrifice upon the altar in this temple, those parts of their works, which have hitherto been preserved to their infamy, that their names may descend spotlesss and unsullied to posterity. For this purpose Aristotle and Longinus are appointed chief priests, who are to see that no im-

er oblations are made, and no proper ones con-
ed; and for the more easy performance of this
e, they are allowed to chuse as their assistants,
msoever they shall think worthy of the func-
.'

As soon as this proclamation was made, I turned eyes with inexpressible delight towards the two ests; but was soon robbed of the pleasure of oking at them by a crowd of people running up to er their service. These I found to be a groupe French critics; but their offers were rejected by oth priests with the utmost indignation, and their hole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced o ashes in an instant. The two priests then looked ound, and chose, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addison from the English, as their principal assistants.

The first who came forward with his offering, by the loftiness of his demeanor was soon discovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majesty, and delivered to Longinus those parts of his Odyssey, which have been censured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the sacrifice, but observing that Aristotle did not seem willing to assist him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, saying, that 'they were, indeed, the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer.'

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modest dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himself; and to the surprise of all committed his whole Æneid to the flames. But it was immediately rescued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from destruction, and carried off the author between them, repeatin

that glorious boast of about forty lines at the beginning of the third Georgic:

———Tentanda via est; qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora,
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.

After him most of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and surrendered with great modesty and humility the most faulty part of their works. One circumstance was observable, that the sacrifice always increased in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who seemed almost to have lost sight of him, made so large offerings, that some of their works, which were before very voluminous, shrunk into the compass of a primer.

It gave me the highest satisfaction to see Philosophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, History purged of falsehood, Poetry of fustian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Sense, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the several offerings of the most eminent English writers. Chaucer gave up his obscenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbish that encumbered them. Dryden executed his task with great address, 'and,' as Addison says of Virgil in his Georgics, 'tossed about his dung with an air of gracefulness:' he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thousand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himself, and delivered up a large packet, which contained many plays, and some poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inscription, 'To Poverty.'

Shakspeare carried to the altar a long string of puns, marked, 'The Taste of the Age,' a small parcel of bombast, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectness. Notwithstanding the ingenuous air with

which he made this offering, some officiates at the altar accused him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, the Yorkshire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, 'that as those pieces were unworthy to be preserved, he should see them consumed to ashes with great pleasure: but that he was wholly innocent of their original.' The two chief priests interposed in this dispute, and dismissed the poet with many compliments; Longinus observing that the pieces in question could not possibly be his, for that the failings of Shakspeare were like those of Homer, 'whose genius whenever it subsided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its shores, to shew to what a height it was sometimes carried.' Aristotle concurred in this opinion, and added, 'that although Shakspeare was quite ignorant of that exact œconomy of the stage, which is so remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere strength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.'

Milton gave up a few errors in his Paradise Lost, and the sacrifice was attended with great decency by Addison. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two last acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Durfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and several other dramatic writers, who made such large contributions, that they set the altar in a blaze.

Among these I was surprised to see an author with much politeness in his behaviour, and spirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I discovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh, and could not but smile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it *proved to be* 'His skill in Architecture.'

Pope advanced towards Addison, and delivered with great humility those lines written expressly against him, so remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet:

> 'Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
> That tends to make one worthy man my foe.'

The ingenuous critic insisted on his taking them again: 'for,' said he, 'my associates at the altar, particularly Horace, would never permit a line of so excellent a satirist to be consumed. The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works, amply compensate for this slight indignity. And be assured, that no little pique or misunderstanding shall ever make me a foe to genius.' Pope bowed in some confusion, and promised to substitute a fictitious name at least, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a sacrifice of a little packet of Antitheses, and some parts of his Translation of Homer.

During the course of these oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgement, with which all the priests discharged their different functions. They behaved with such dignity, that it reminded me of those ages when the offices of king and priest centered in the same person. Whenever any of the assistants were at a loss in any particular circumstances, they applied to Aristotle, who settled the whole business in an instant.

But the reflections which this pleasing scene produced, were soon interrupted by a tumultuous noise at the gate of the temple: when suddenly a rude illiterate multitude rushed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whose countenances were impressed with rage which art could *not* conceal, forced their way to the altar, and *amidst* the joyful acclamations of their followe

threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was short, and joy and acclamation gave way to silence and astonishment: the volume lay unhurt in the midst of the fire, and as the flames played innocently about it, I could discover written in letters of gold, these words, THE BIBLE. At that instant my ears were ravished with the sound of more than mortal music accompanying a hymn sung by invisible beings, of which I well remember the following verses:

'The words of the LORD are pure words: even as the silver, which in the earth is tried, and purified seven times in the fire.

'More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honey-comb.'

The united melody of instruments and voices, which formed a concert so exquisite, that, as Milton says, 'it might create a soul under the ribs of death,' threw me into such extacies, that I was awakened by their violence.

& I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

CRITO.

N° 91. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER, 18, 1753.

———*Facto pius et sceleratus eodem.* OVID.

Thus was the father pious to a crime. ADDISON.

IT is contended by those who reject Christianity, that if revelation had been necessary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been universal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life, which is universally known.

But no rule of life is universally known, except the dictates of conscience. With respect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conscience approves or disapproves, in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood. Nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: those, by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalised one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they may be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Prescription has either been withheld or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for Yamodin had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend *to a woman.*

Yamodin considered himself not less the father

of his people, than of Tamira; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: 'from thee,' said he, 'I have derived my being, and the life which I have propagated is thine: when I am about to restore it, let me remember with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty; and let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people.'

Orders were given for the sacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to dispose of the interval as she pleased. She received the intimation of her father's pleasure without much surprise; because, as she knew the custom of her country, she scarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed so long: she fortified herself against the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had just triumphed over the desire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, she lost her fortitude in a moment and burst into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had, like hers, overflowed with silent sorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preserved; that he had bribed a priest to his interest, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed: that on the morrow, as she would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purposes he might appear to be displeased, would yet secretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of sacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to transmit dominion to his posterity.

To this proposal Tamira, whose attachment to life was now strengthed by love, and in whose bosom the regret of precluded pleasure had succeeded to the hope of glory, at length consented; but she consented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confusion, which are produced by a consciousness of guilt; and the prince himself introduced the man, who was to accomplish the purpose both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and hesitation.

On the morrow, when the priest stood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin stood some moments in suspense; and then dismissing the assembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he sent for the prince. 'The gods,' said he, 'though they continue the pestilence, have yet in mercy rescued my people from the oppression of a tyrant, who appears to consider the life of millions as nothing in competition with the indulgence of his lust, his avarice, or his ambition.' Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the sentence was executed the same hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable distress of a crime, by which the pleasures not only of possession but hope were precluded; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented: their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin

iscerned no law which would have justified the reservation of his daughter; and if it is absurd suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he id less power and opportunity to obtain knowdge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever le the oblation of human sacrifice may be con-mned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have oduced such sacrifice was morally right, and that the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; at the consent of Tamira to the marriage was cious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, ough in her marriage she concurred with a ge-ral law of nature, and by her death opposed it: r moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly lative to the agent by whom the action is per-rmed, and not to the action itself considered ab-actedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong ly in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that velation is necessary to the establishment even of tural religion, and that it is more rational to sup-se it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is nscience as a guide of life, since in these in-nces it appears not to coincide with the Divine w, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is joined, and approve that which is forbidden: but this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always od, though she sometimes mistakes the means: end which Yamodin proposed, was deliverance m a pestilence; but he did not nor could know, at this end was not to be obtained by human sa-fice: and the end which conscience condemns, is ays ill; for the end proposed by the prince, was vate gain by public loss. By conscience, then, men are restrained from intentional ill, and di-*ted in their* choice of the end though not of the ns: *it infallibly* directs us to avoid guilt, but is

not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, 'we are led into all truth;' conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover, why its radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, 'who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil;' who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from above; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their inquiries have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

END OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

G. WOODFALL, Printer,
Paternoster-Row, London.

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